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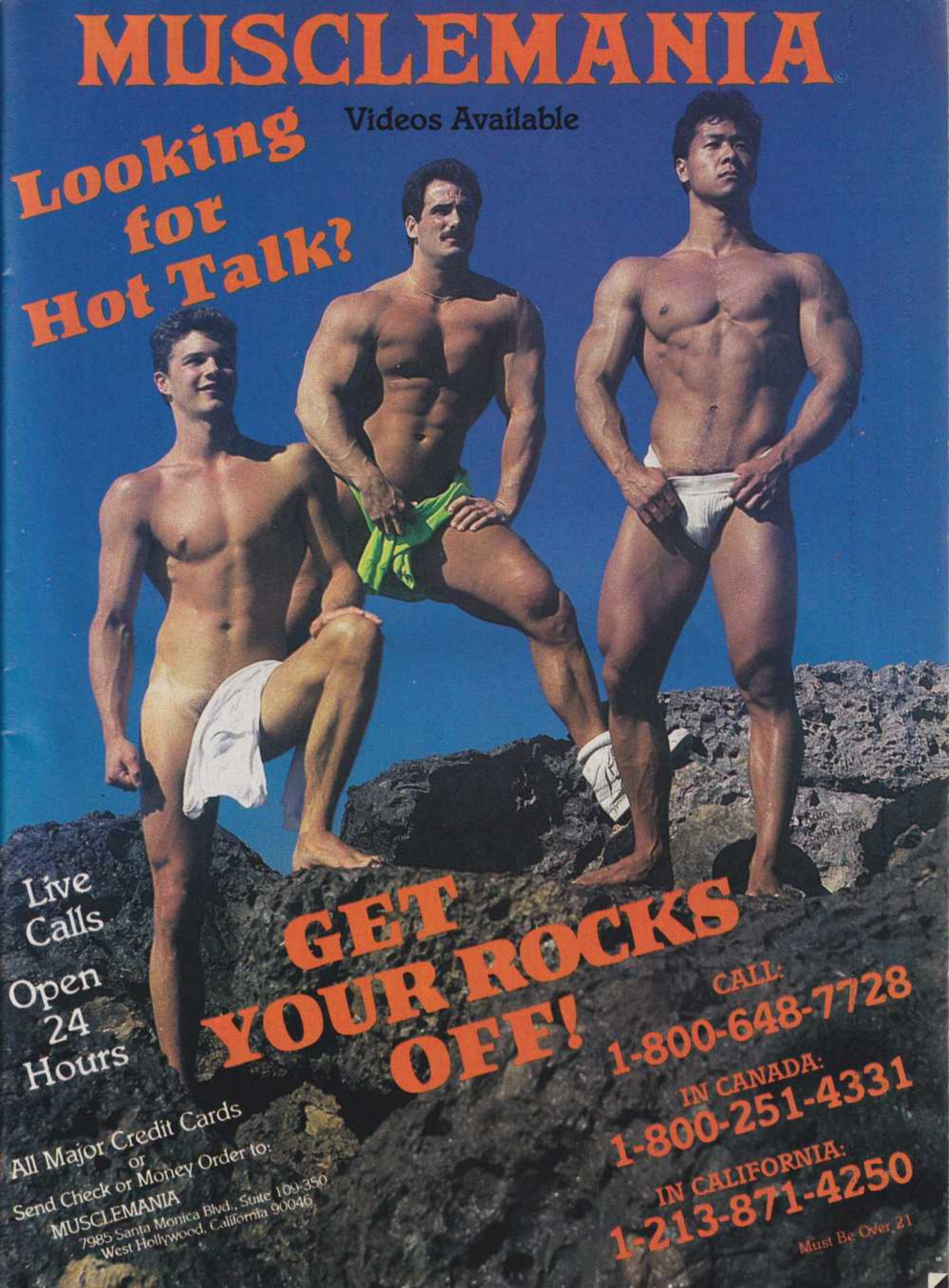
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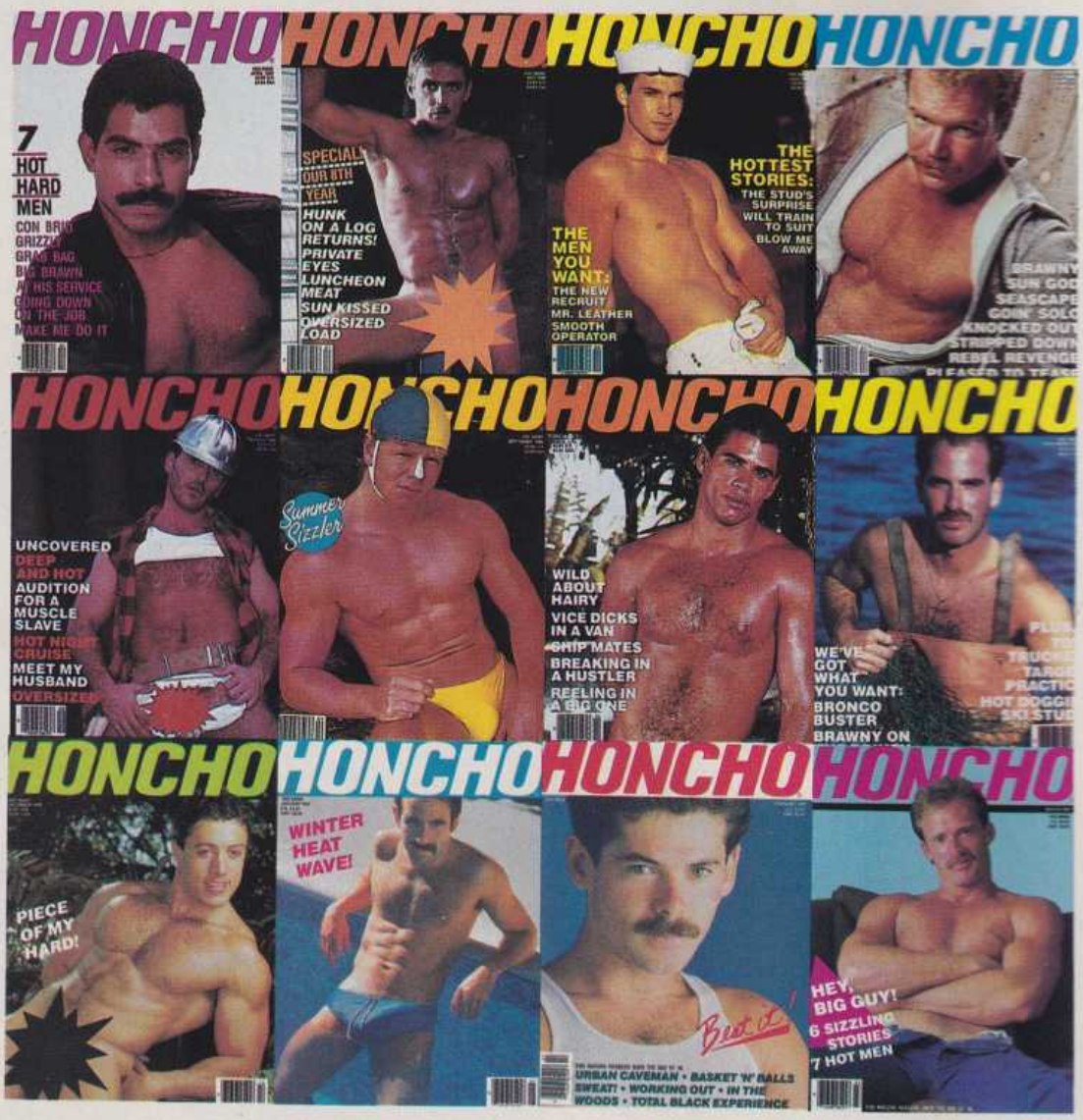

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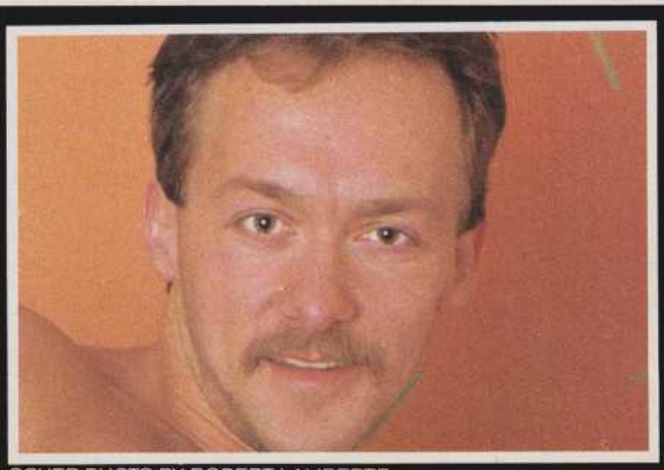

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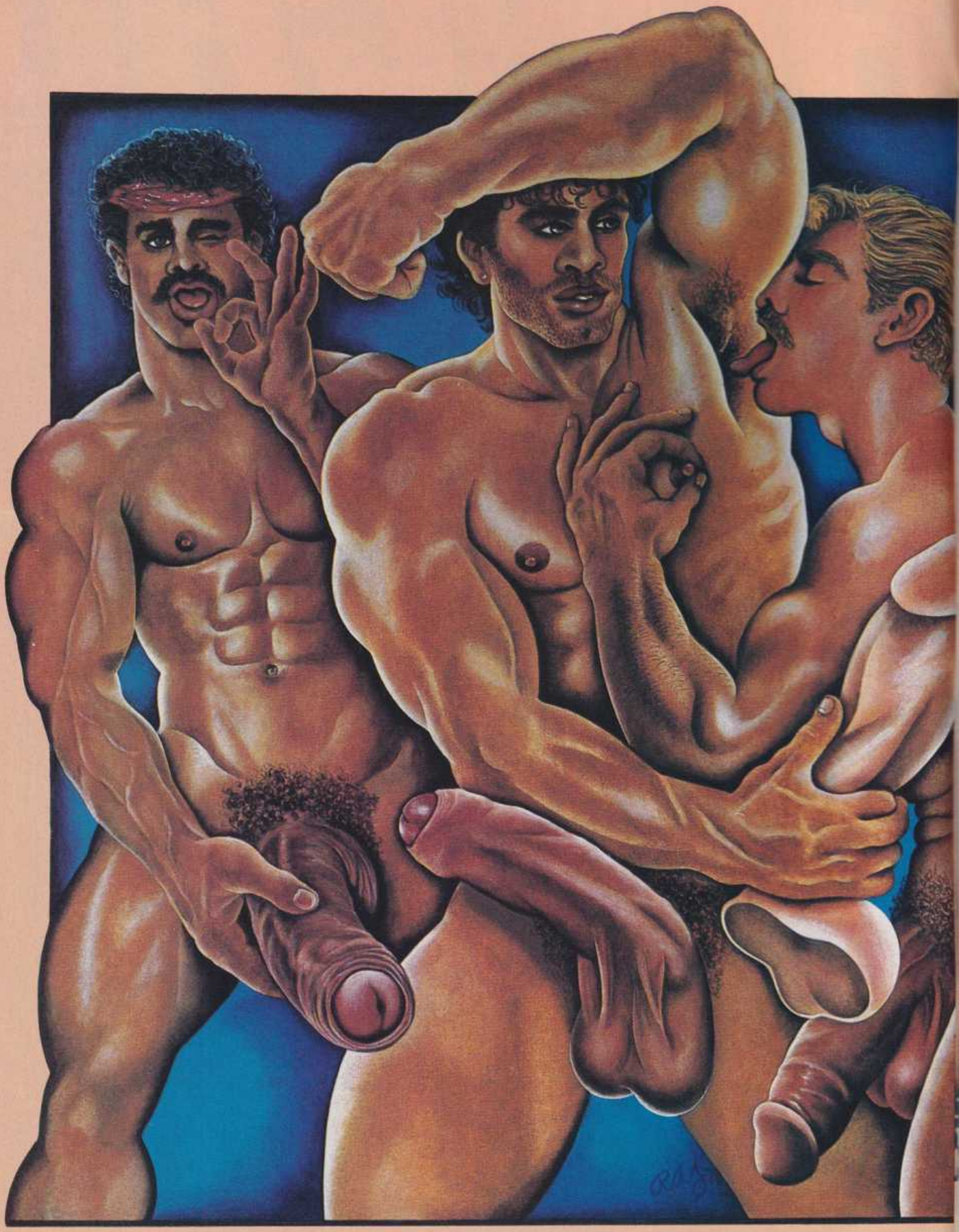

MACHO DILDO THREEWAY

Manuel and Hector seemed too busy to fool around. While I imagined a hot, sweaty fuckathon with the two Latino studs, I grabbed hold of my favorite dildo and gradually eased it up my hungry ass. I was just about to shoot when I heard a noise. Hector had caught me in the act!

BY ED HUNTER • ART BY R.A. SHULTZ

I was out on the back porch fixing a broken kitchen window when I heard the sound of work boots crunching on the gravel. I looked around and saw a darkly handsome Latino walking up the driveway.

His name was Hector, he said, shaking my hand with a firm grip. He showed me his company ID, and I casually read the information imprinted on the laminated card: "Name, Hector Rojas. Age, 40. Height, 5'10". Weight, 150 lbs." The small color photo next to these statistics did little justice to his macho good looks.

An erotic shiver went through me as I discreetly eyed him up and down. Silver-white streaks peppered his curly, jet-black hair. A soiled red bandana was tied around his lined forehead. His rugged, chiseled face was accented by a thick, black moustache. I could tell by his sturdy arms that underneath his T-shirt and Levi's was a genuine hunk.

He told me that he and his buddy Manuel owned a tree service and that they often did contract work for the electric company.

"It's too hot a day to be chopping down trees," I said, taking a handkerchief from my back pocket and wiping my sweaty forehead.

"It's a lot hotter than this where I come from. Anyway, it's our last job of the day." He took out a pack of cigarettes and offered me one.

"Thanks. You guys from Mexico?"

"Yeah, Manuel and I come from the same town—Jalisco."

"Say, I was about to take a break. I bet you and your buddy could use a cold brew."

"Now you're talking."

I went into the kitchen and took three cold beers from the fridge. I handed two of them to Hector, and we walked out front, where he pointed to a tall pine tree dominating my front yard.

"See those branches tangled up in those wires? It's causing problems."

"Yeah, I see." I glanced at Manuel, who was standing against the truck watching the two of us talk. "If you guys want some more beer, just let me know."

Hector returned to his truck and gave a beer and some instructions to Manuel, then jumped onto an electric lift and rode it to the top of the pine tree. Large branches fell to the street as he attacked the tree with his chain saw. Manuel stood at the back of the truck throwing the heavy pieces into a grinder, which chopped them up with a deafening roar. *Continued to page 12*

I just had to figure out a way to get into Jim's pants. I tried to get him to talk about sex, but all Jim ever wanted to discuss was military stuff. Then the thought hit me: the way to get to his cock was through camouflage. We'd work out a deal. I'd give Jim some fatigues and he'd give me some dick.

CAMOUFLAGE FETISH

BY ROBERT BOYD • PHOTOS BY HOLT STUDIO

The convenience store that I've been managing for a couple of months now is turning out to be a great place to meet young men. They're always hanging around with nothing to do. One young man with whom I recently became friendly, a twenty-year-old named James, tried to get me to sell him some beer the first time he came in. He didn't have proper ID, so I refused, but I let him know that I always have booze at my apartment and that I'm very hospitable. I gave him my address but didn't really expect him to come by. He surprised me one day, and we talked for hours.

I learned that he was a high-school dropout and that he had been rejected by the army for that reason. It had been his dream to become a Special Forces Commando—which was why he always wore camouflage fatigues—but instead of working toward a diploma, he preferred to read soldier-of-fortune magazines and daydream.

It was a typical summer day in Las Vegas—hot and sultry. We drank several beers and James removed his fatigue shirt. But I couldn't get him onto the subject of sex. All he would talk about was soldiering—knives, guns, and the latest in combat weapons.

When he was gone, I sifted through our conversation and tried to devise a plan to get into his pants. It occurred to me that the way to his heart—and to his crotch—was through camouflage.

At the local fabric store, I found a wide assortment of camouflage materials: everything from canvas to broadcloth, from velour to double-knit, from fishnet to flimsy, see-through rayon. In my spare time I had taught myself how to sew, but I had never put that skill to good use. Now I was spending every free minute creating a variety of leisure-wear items which I would try to get James to model for me. I also bought a fresh pack of film for my Polaroid, several soldier-of-fortune magazines, a gay magazine featuring a full-page color ad for skimpy leisure wear, and a muscle-builder magazine.

He positioned himself against the camouflage backdrop and spread his legs wide open. My hand roamed all over his lean body and came to rest on his dick. Quickly, his meat rocketed to a full hard-on. My mouth watered thinking about the taste of his satiny rod; I opened wide and swallowed his shaft down my hungry throat.

A few days later, when James showed up at the store, I ever-so-casually suggested that he should stop by for another beer sometime real soon. He told me he would come over the very next day.

Before he arrived, I hung a large piece of camouflage fabric on the wall to serve as a backdrop for the photos and set all the magazines, except for the gay one, on an end table. As soon as he walked in the door, I gave him a beer and pointed out the magazines, but I evaded his questions about the backdrop. I simply told him that I would explain it later.

He browsed through all the magazines, commenting at length on this item or that. Two or three beers later, he finally demanded, "Are you gonna tell me about that thing on the wall, or not?"

"Okay, I'll tell you," I said. "For a long time, I've had an idea about a mail-order business. Let me show you something."

I brought out the gay mag, discreetly opened to the ad for leisure wear. I explained that there was good money to be made in mail order—if a person could come up with a new idea. "You gave me the idea with your camouflage fatigues. Let me show you." I showed him the tanktops I had made from the fishnet material. "Try one on," I encouraged.

He removed his shirt and put on the fishnet tanktop and agreed to let me take his picture against the backdrop. I took one in each of the tanktops, and James showed an unusual interest in the photos. He especially liked the way his flesh tones were set off by the greens, browns, beiges, and blacks of the camouflage pattern.

While he studied the photos, I rambled on about my ideas for a complete line of leisure wear done in the camouflage fabrics. I showed him what I had made so far and asked him to model the jogging shorts for the camera. He agreed and stripped to his shorts—a pair of white cotton boxers—and started to put the jogging shorts on over them. When I objected, he was reluctant at first but finally agreed to take off his underwear.

For a few seconds he was totally naked, and my cock started getting hard in anticipation of the rest of my plan. His body was slender but firm; his cock hung limp, but its flaccid fullness was extremely promising.

I took photos from the front and from the rear, and again he seemed fascinated by the sight of his own body surrounded by camouflage material. He was beginning to get excited about my project; he was sure I could make a fortune in mail order with the camouflage motif.

From the transparent rayon material, I had created a Maori-type sarong, which was what I showed him next. At first he didn't want to be photographed in the sarong because his dick showed through the material. I assured him that it wouldn't show up in the photo, knowing full well that it would. When the photo developed, his cock stood out sharply beneath the material. I pretended to be surprised, but James was not as unhappy as he had thought he would be. In fact, I noticed that his dick was beginning to swell—not into a full erection, but enough.

Having saved the best for last, I finally showed James the skimpy posing briefs I had made out of the same transparent rayon and black elastic. This time he offered no objections.

For each photograph, I had touched his body in various places to get him into position. When he stood before the backdrop wearing the posing briefs, I again touched him to align his body to the angle I wanted for the picture. I then took the camera in hand and pretended to get ready to shoot. But momentarily, as I had planned, I set the camera down and said to him, "No, this will never do. Your cock is tucked into the pouch. It needs to lay to the side."

"Like this?" he asked, exposing it completely.

"No. I'll show you."

I knelt in front of him and gently took hold of his dick, which was now noticeably more rigid.

He instantly drew back. "I'll do that," he said, tucking his cock back into the posing strap.

"That's still not right. Look, I'm the photographer; just let me position your dick the way it's supposed to be." I didn't wait for his response. I reached into the pouch with the fingers of both hands and pulled the elastic away, allowing his stiffening dick to spring out and upward. "That's

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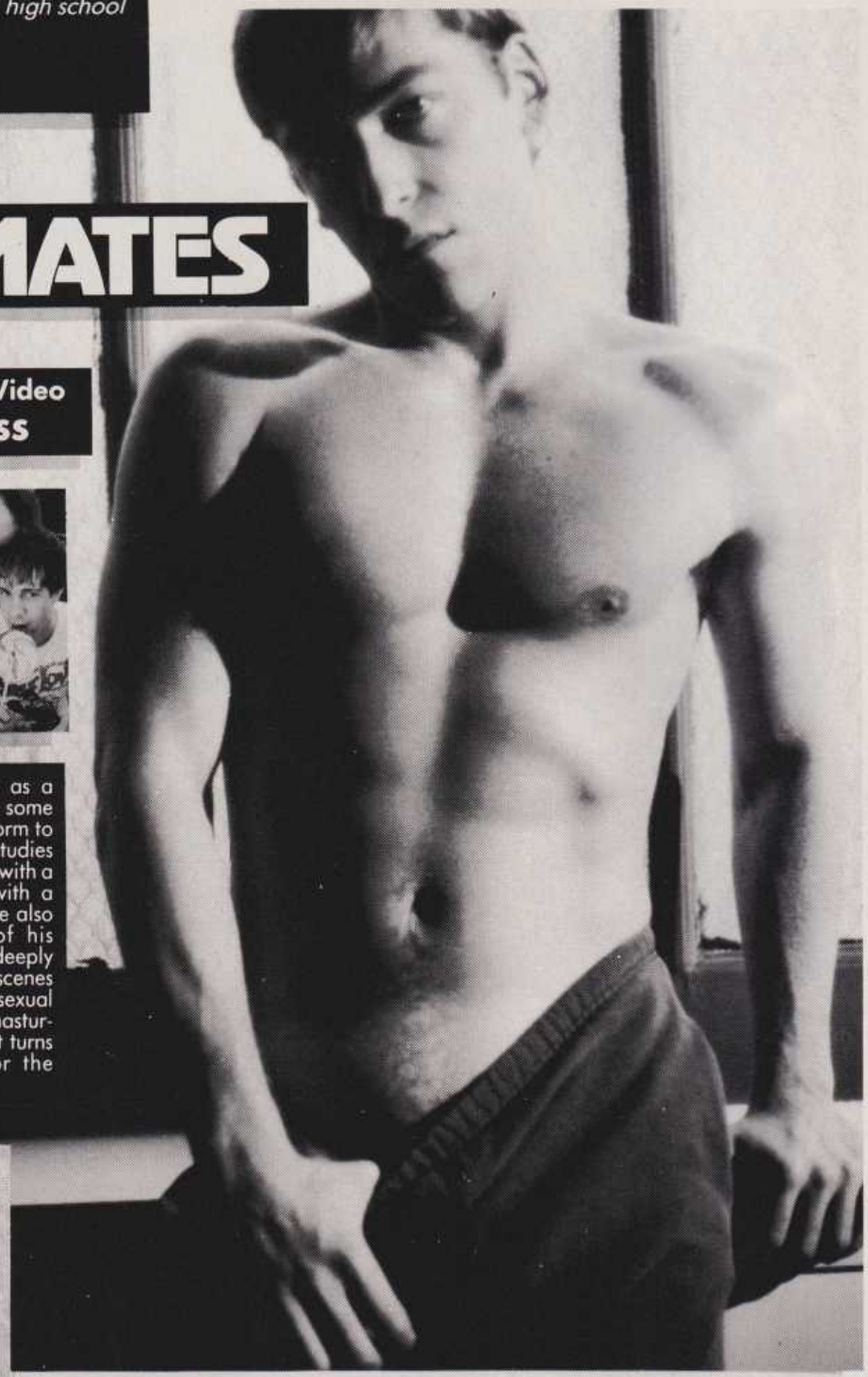

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good," I said. "Frankly, for this particular picture, it should be a raging hard-on. It takes lots of sex appeal to sell a posing strap."

James said nothing as I arranged and then rearranged his cock beneath the flimsy material. I played with it, stroked it, felt it, and manipulated it until it completely filled out the tiny pouch.

James spent a long time studying the photo and made no effort to remove the posing strap. His dick lost some of its firmness, but I noticed that when he rubbed it—which he did unself-consciously as he looked over the array of poses we had come up with—the response was immediate.

The next step was to convince him to pose nude, which I accomplished by showing him the gay magazine. ("lots of men pose in the nude") and by appealing to his ego ("your body looks great against the camouflage backdrop"). During the nude session, I slipped into the camouflage jogging shorts—also a part of my strategy. For one of the photos, I asked him to lie on the bed in a very seductive pose, but by the time I was ready to take the picture, he had gone soft. None of my efforts succeeded in getting him hard again, and I tried everything short of sucking him off. Then I got the idea to use the camouflage backdrop as a bedspread. Soon after, he developed a raging hard-on and the picture was exquisite.

By the time I finished taking all the photos, his dick had been hard, off and on, for the better part of two hours. My own dick had been hard all the way through, and it was time to find out whether or not my efforts had been worthwhile.

Unaware that I had taken all of the pictures I had film for, he was lying on the bed waiting for me to pose him again. I handed him the last photo and sat on the bed next to him. At this point, he was used to me fondling his dick, but till now I hadn't toyed with his balls. When I did so, he looked away from the photo and into my eyes. I wasn't sure what to expect and was afraid he would get angry, get dressed, and stomp out of the apartment.

His eyes revealed nothing. They appeared hard and unfeeling, and I suddenly realized that I had never seen him smile. The moment seemed like an eternity, but I guess it lasted only a second or two. He looked again at the photo and moved his body just a little, spreading his legs wider. I knew I was on safe ground.

While James continued to admire the photo, my hands glided over his manly yet still boyish body. His chest was hairless except for a tuft of hair in the middle. His skin was soft, but the muscles beneath were hard. A wispy trail of sandy-brown hair wound its way from his navel to the thick pubic hair surrounding his huge dick, now fully erect. His nutsac, which had hung so low in the photos, was drawing up closer to his groin. His dick lay flat on his stomach, curving slightly to the left.

I crawled onto the bed between his legs, but he stopped me before I could go down on him. "Bring me the fishnet tanktop," he said softly.

I did as he asked and he rose up to put it on. Then, also at his request, I brought him the photo that showed his hard-on through the transparent posing strap. He held both photos—the posing strap and the nude—in one hand as I again crawled between his legs. I ran my hands over his body, leaned forward, and began to lick the length of his cock. I was just about ready to take it into my mouth when he asked me to bring him the rest of the photos. There were 14 of them altogether, and James kept shuffling through them while I gave him head. From my vantage point between his thighs I couldn't tell which ones intrigued him the most, but I could sense that he lingered longer over certain ones.

There had been a lot of foreplay and it didn't take him long to reach an orgasm. His body convulsed, his cock rammed deep into my throat, and he shot a thick load of cum into my mouth. After his climax had subsided, he set the photos down on the nightstand, and when I got up, I took a peek at the one on top, just to see which photo he had been looking at when he came. It was the one of him in the transparent sarong showing his semi-hard dick.

"That was real good," he said, propping himself on his right elbow. His dick had lost some of its rigidity but was still erect. "Looking at these pictures, I think you've got a real good idea for a mail-order business."

We talked about it for a while, and he came up with a couple of ideas of his own: a swim suit, a terry-cloth wrap-around, and a one-piece workout suit. During our conversation, he continued to look at the photos and his dick stayed firm. To my delight, he showed no inclination to get dressed, but when he got up to go to the bathroom, he asked me to hand him the sarong.

I enjoyed the sight of his small, firm buns through the flimsy material as he left the room. I wanted to fuck him but doubted that I would be allowed to.

When he returned, he again lay on the bed and thumbed through the photos. I sat next to him and let my hand roam about his thighs and crotch beneath the silky material. His cock quickly stirred into a full erection and I started to undo the fastener.

"Leave it on," he whispered, repositioning himself on the camouflage backdrop, spreading his legs wide so that the rayon bunched up around his waist. He asked me to put on the other tanktop, and even though I like to be totally naked for sex, I complied because I knew it was a turn-on for him.

I crawled onto the bed and deliberately placed my crotch near his head, suggesting a 69 but not actually saying anything. My mouth immediately found his hard, thick cock and I moistened it with my tongue before sucking the knob into my mouth. I applied a lot of suction to his shaft and played with his satin-smooth nuts. James slid his hand along my thigh and into the jogging shorts to feel my balls. Then he gripped my hard-on and stroked it gently for a few minutes. The next thing I knew, he had pulled it out through the leg opening and was twisting his body and guiding his face toward my crotch.

I could tell that he was new at this, but he was very eager to learn. So instead of concentrating on my own orgasm, I turned all of my attention to his. I knew that once he climaxed, I would be able to do the same almost instantly. I loved the feel of his huge meat in my mouth, his smooth nutsac in my hands, and the rayon against my chin each time I went all the way down on him.

When he began to thrust his cock more rapidly, I knew he was approaching orgasm. I traced a line along his buns and into the crevice between the cheeks, then gently toyed with his ass, urging him onward. When I sensed his body tightening, I forced my finger into his ass. He squeezed his legs together, rammed his cock down my throat, and began to jerk spastically. I pumped my dick faster in his mouth and managed to come just moments after he did. To my surprise, he swallowed my load without gagging or pulling away.

For a long time, we lay there, sucking on each other's spent cocks. I finally pulled away and we talked some more. I told him that the Polaroid shots were no good for publishing purposes and that we would have to get together again and take some 35mm photos.

That was the day before yesterday. Two days from now James will be back for a full photo session. I don't know if I'll ever go into the mail-order business. Nor do I know if my photos of James in the nude will be of interest to anyone else but me—and James. But I do know that I like having him around. And I think he likes being around me. And if we can fulfill his soldier-of-fortune fantasies with posing sessions, maybe he'll be content to earn his keep as my assistant manager at the convenience store. It's worth a try at least. I mean, it's no crazier than the way I got him into the sack in the first place. ■

Macho Dildo Threeway

Continued from page 5

Just watching those hot Mexicans had my cock swelling up in my sweat pants. But I didn't see much chance of getting them away from their work, so I went back to work on the window. When I found that I couldn't concentrate, I gave in to my obsession. I pulled out my cock and slowly stroked it as powerful images of Hector's naked bronze torso overwhelmed me. My pent-up ball juices boiled and bubbled, and my asshole itched for his hot Latino cock.

I went into my bedroom and took off my sweat pants. From underneath the bed, I brought out a box of sex toys that I had been collecting over the years and withdrew my favorite dildo. Lifelike down to the very last detail, it was ten inches long and three inches in diameter. I lubed up the wide, thick head and gradually eased it up my asshole. I watched my reflection in the mirror as I fucked myself with long, deliberate strokes and moaned with pleasure. After a while, I shut my eyes and imagined Hector slipping his cock up my ass and pumping my hole.

When I opened my eyes, I saw Hector reflected in the mirror. My heart pounded. The swarthy Latino had parted the bushes outside the window behind me. He just stood there watching me for a moment and then disappeared.

Momentarily, I heard footsteps on the kitchen floor. Then Hector entered the bedroom and closed the door behind him. He had taken his shirt off, revealing a sun-bronzed, muscular upper torso.

"I told Manuel to take the truck back to the garage and pick me up later. He thinks I'm gonna do some yard work for you."

Hector straddled me, grasped the dildo firmly, and rotated it inside my ass.

"Manuel told me about some chick he fucked last night in the back of his truck. Shit, I got so horny. I could hear you from outside. When I saw you with that thing up your ass, I had to come in and fuck you."

His intense body heat and his strong body odor, mixed with the sweet fragrance of pine resin and sawdust, quickened my pulse and made me wish it was Hector's cock instead of the dildo up my ass.

He plunged the dildo deeper into me, and I gripped the sides of the bed, ready to shoot my load.

"I'm gonna come," I gasped.

"No," he commanded. Then, leaving the dildo halfway up my hole, he took off his Levi's and tossed them to the floor.

His swarthy cock jutted straight out when he turned back toward me. I reached out and grabbed it. The large veins underneath glistening skin pulsed in my hand. Two inches of dark foreskin hung over the tip. I pulled the flesh back and stared for a moment at the shiny, mouth-watering head. I wrapped my lips around it and pushed down, relishing the pungent taste of unwashed dick.

"My balls, man, suck my balls," he moaned.

I slurped on his nuts, at the same time fine-tuning his nipples with my thumb and forefinger. Suddenly, he reared back, grabbed my head between his hands, and forced my face deeper into his musky-smelling crotch.

As I began to lick my way to his asshole, he squeezed my head between his firm thighs. I buried my tongue in his butt.

"Ah, shit!" he cried out, grabbing me by the hair.

While I rimmed him, I reached into my box of toys and grasped another dildo. I started working it into Hector's asshole.

"In," he grunted. "Put it all the way in, man."

I plunged the dildo all the way up his ass. With an earsplitting cry, he gripped his cock with both hands and shot thick wads of jizm that flew up and over my head and splattered against the mirror.

"Hey, Hector, you son of a bitch, did you leave any for me?" It was Manuel. I looked up and saw him standing by the bed, taking a drink from a bottle of tequila. "Yard work, my ass," he taunted. "I knew that was a crock of shit. So I came back. Shit, you fuckers make a lot of noise." He took another swig of tequila. "Mind if I join you?"

"Hell, no," said Hector, laughing. "This gringo's got a hot ass on him." Turning to me, he said, "You don't mind, huh, buddy?"

I grinned and shook my head.

Manuel took off his shirt and khaki pants. His body was lean and tight, like a middle-weight boxer. He was in his mid-twenties, I guessed, with thick, wavy, coal-black hair and sexy green eyes, and his handsome face was covered with a three-day growth of beard. He pulled off his boxer shorts and a long, fat pecker bobbed up and down in front of my eyes. I went right to work on it with my ever-ready mouth, as Hector watched and jacked himself off.

"Man, I feel like flexing," Manuel said.

Swelling with macho pride, Manuel slowly flexed his arms up and down like a trained muscleman, as I licked my way from his sweaty groin, over his muscled abdominals, up to his chest. When he raised his arms again, I buried my face in one of his armpits, inhaling deeply the raunchy working-man smells. The stench burned my eyes like raw onions and sent a jolt through me like a whiff from a bottle of poppers. In a frenzy, I tongued his rippling triceps and biceps again and resumed sucking on his throbbing pecker.

"Jesus, Hector," Manuel moaned pleasurably, "this guy can sure give head."

As I slurped on Manuel's cock, Hector got off the bed and came up behind me. He plunged his fingers into me and massaged my sphincter for a while before inserting a dildo up my ass.

"Hey, man, let me work on this gringo's ass," Manuel said. He pried the dildo out of me and slid his fat cock into my hole.

I tried to relax in order to accommodate the young Latino's cock but it was just too damn big. "Damn," I cried out, "you're gonna tear my asshole wide open."

"Sorry, buddy," Manuel said, gently slipping out of me.

As much as it had hurt, I desperately wanted that hot pecker up my ass, so I applied gobs of lube to the head and the shaft, then offered myself to him again. This time he eased in with no problem. When he was sure I was comfortable, he grabbed my sides and fucked me with a vengeance. In no time he was almost over the edge. But he wasn't ready to come yet.

He pulled his dick out and said, "Let me suck your cock while you suck on mine." He grabbed his cock by the base and shook it at me.

We lay on the floor and sixty-nined, and Hector moved in and speared me from behind. After what seemed like hours of nonstop fucking, Hector erupted inside me. I shot my own abundant load down Manuel's eager throat, and simultaneously he flooded my mouth. I was exhausted and satisfied, but Hector and Manuel were ready for more.

"I wanna feel that tongue up my ass again," Hector said as he squatted over me. He pried his ass cheeks open with both hands and rubbed his sweaty crack against my face.

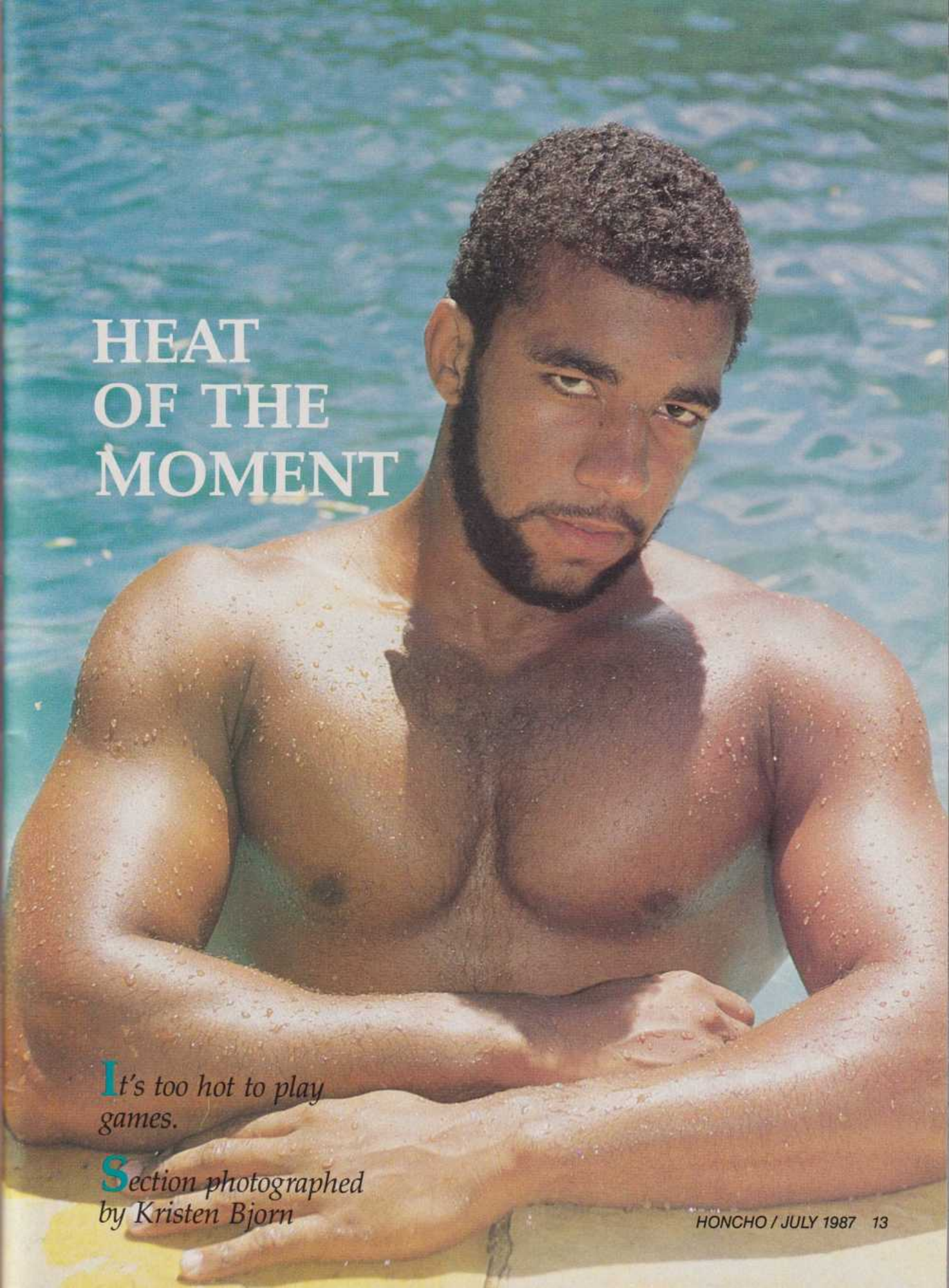
Manuel was hot to trot, too. Grabbing my thighs and quickly positioning himself between my legs, he slipped his iron-hard cock just inside my crack. He held it there until it swelled up, then shoved it deep inside me.

Above me, the two horny Latinos started laughing like mischievous schoolboys. Hot tongue pressed against hot tongue as they kissed each other passionately. Their cries of lust shook the walls as they pulled on each other's tits in a rough, macho frenzy. Manuel's balls were slapping hard against my butt and Hector's asshole was pressed firmly against my probing tongue.

After half an hour of savage buttfucking, Manuel pulled his dick out of me, and he and Hector embraced and dry humped each other, their swollen cocks pressed together between their bellies.

I grabbed a dildo from the floor and slow-

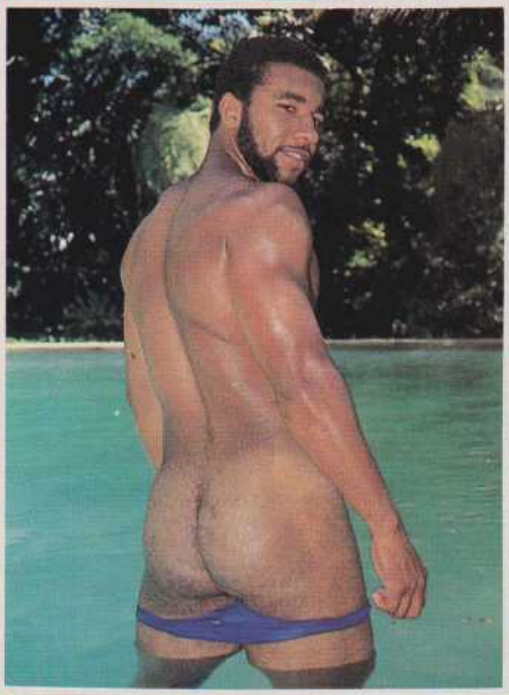
Continued to page 71



HEAT OF THE MOMENT

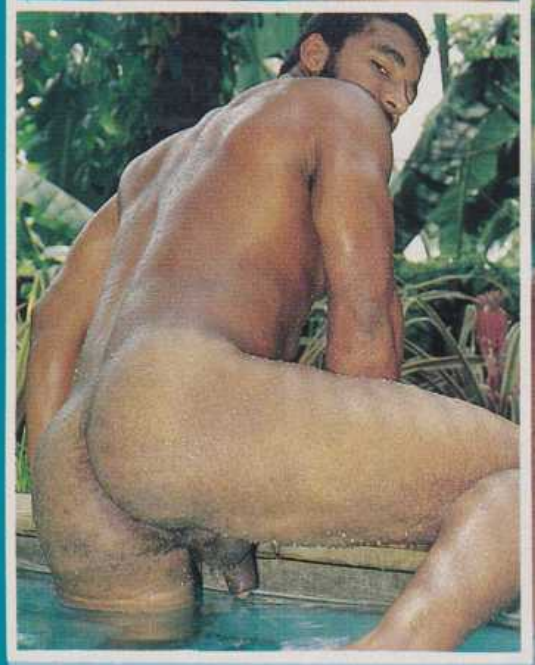
It's too hot to play games.

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn



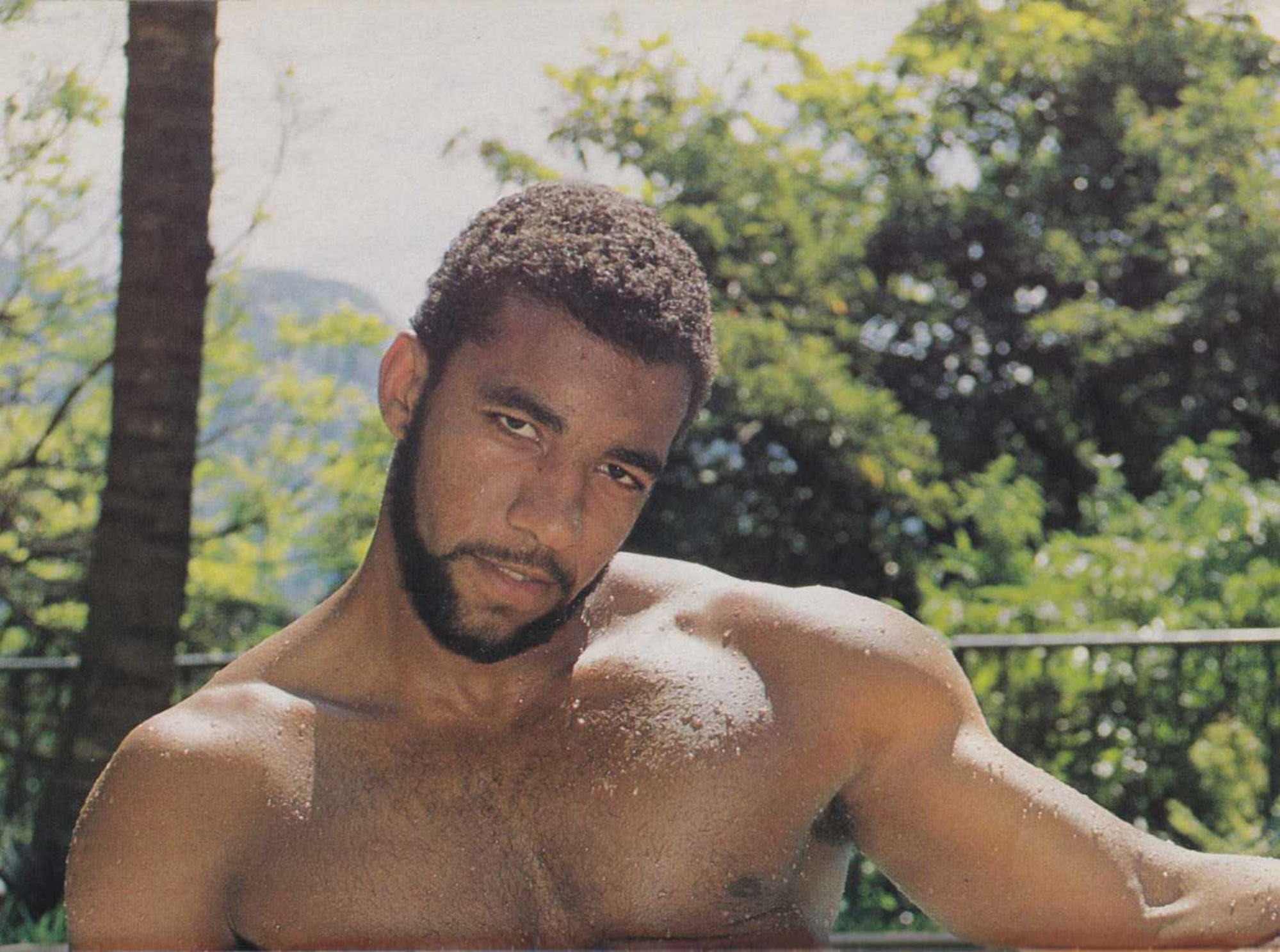
HEAT OF THE MOMENT

He knows what you mean. But who'd refuse that smile?



HEAT OF THE MOMENT

He'll help you cool off when you're done, if you can.



MATT

SATURDAY NIGHT MATCHES

Sherbrooke, a small French Canadian town located in the heart of southern Quebec's eastern townships, is the perfect location for county fairs, square dances, and professional wrestling. I had been wrestling for about a year and was scheduled for the Sherbrooke Fair, the biggest in the region, always held during the week leading up to Labor Day. The card was scheduled for Saturday evening at L'Arena du Sherbrooke.

I had been touring the southern Quebec circuit for about six months and most of the local fans knew me well. I was always the villain, a terrible nasty who specialized in brutalizing handsome, muscular, young rookies.

I always approached my matches with caution. It wasn't the competition. I could handle that easily. It was the fans that scared me. My villainy had driven some of them into such frenzies that I had often been the target of beer bottles and cigarette butts, and once I was chased around the ring by a half-crazed midget wielding a bloody Samurai sword.

Tonight I was scheduled to wrestle a university buddy of mine, Tom Hudson—six-four, with 240 pounds of rugged muscle, thick hairy legs, and a broad, tapered back. I'd wrestled him several times on the circuit and was looking forward to the rematch. Tom's great strength and superb physique made wrestling a pleasure. Hot, intense contact with that hard, sweaty body was always a great turn-on, and after the matches we usually got together to relax.

Arriving at the arena about an hour-and-a-half early, I threaded my way through the cat-calling groupies gathered about the side entrance. Every arena has them: toothless old men recalling their days of youthful challenge; twelve- and thirteen-year-old girls giggling, screaming, and trying to touch their rugged heroes; short, greasy little men vicariously living out their fantasies of success by personal contact with a successful athlete; and, just occasionally, a quiet, rugged young guy who wants to make it with a wrestler.

I pushed through the group without comment and headed for the locker room. Henri, our nervous and constantly sweating manager, met me in the hallway.

"About time you got here, mon ami. Hudson's sick and I haven't been able to find anyone else willing to wrestle you yet."

"Tough shit. Remember our deal: I get paid whether I wrestle or not. And Henri, I don't want that pimple-faced nephew of yours. He can't wrestle and he doesn't wash."

"Okay, okay, relax! You'll get paid, but not for doin' nothin'."

This was not what I wanted. In addition to being psyched up for the match, I was looking forward to a late evening with Tom. I wasn't worried about losing him as a wrestling partner; Henri hated paying people for doing nothing, especially me, so I knew he'd find me a match. But I'd been thinking of Tom all day and was horny as hell. I'd have to let it out somehow.

There were always plenty of hopefuls from Henri's wrestling school who would do anything to have a real pro match in the big city. Henri filled the school with deluded high-school dropouts hoping to find fame and fortune in the ring. For the slim possibility of a chance at success, they paid Henri 50 dollars every Saturday morning.

An arena before a wrestling match is like a carnival. The fans trickle in, locate their seats, and make camp for the evening. The fat lady waddles up into the bleacher seats with packages of chocolate bars and potato chips in one hand and little Junior in the other. She always has a cigarette butt with a four-inch ash hanging out of the cor-

BY TDS • ART BY MATT

ner of her toothless mouth.

At ringside sits the cognoscenti—the old man who has attended every match since he was a kid, except of course during the war, "when we were showing Hitler a thing or two"; the young bucks entertaining their ladies with a night at the matches, knowing full well that their ladies, after an evening of watching muscular hunks rolling around in bathing suits and leather boots, will be easy pickings; and always at least one closet gay carefully testing and checking his camera and fitting it with a long lens for close-up crotch shots. All the usual types were well represented tonight.

As I walked about the arena, people shouted at and about me. Small children asked for autographs but quickly ran away, swearing, when I told them it would cost two bucks. I started chatting up a group of never-will-be's from Henri's wrestling school, but I was soon interrupted by a tall, thin, dark-blond stranger.

As he approached I couldn't help but stare into his deep-blue eyes. He was wearing a pair of heavy construction boots, blue denim coveralls, and a red-plaid flannel shirt that must have been his father's; it was old, faded, and a little too big. The others noticed me staring, and as the stranger walked up and stood right in front of me, a hush fell on my little coterie.

"I want to fight you," said the stranger, quietly and evenly.

"So do a lot of others, kid. You'll just have to wait your turn." I was playing it cool, but I could feel my loins coming alive.

"I said I want to fight you. Tonight."

"Look, farm-boy, I'm a pro. You know

MATT

what that means? I don't waste my time. You want to fight, go see Henri. He might let you join his school—for 50 bucks a week. I get paid to fight, and fighting *you* wouldn't pay."

The stranger's face tightened and a slight blush appeared on his beard-stubbled cheeks. Quietly, he turned and walked away. The school crowd closed around me again.

"Why won't you fight him?" asked one of the rookies. "Henri told us your match was canceled. He even offered 75 dollars to any one of us willing to take you on."

"Listen, asshole, eat shit. You've got a lot to learn about this game. This kid's a farmer—maybe strong but slow and dumb. He doesn't know how to move, react, or cover for himself. He could get hurt. Or worse, *I* could."

Leaving the group, I headed off to find Henri. My heart was pounding; I was horny and I wanted that kid. One of the old-timers cornered me and insisted on buying me a beer.

I was both thirsty and broke, so I let him. Now his evening would be made. After spending 15 minutes with me, he'd have something to brag about to his buddies back in the tavern.

I kept looking for Henri. I wanted to know if I'd be wrestling or just pocketing his money. Either way, I didn't really care. But I wanted it settled. I headed toward the hot dog stand, where Henri made as much money overcharging for his hot dogs as he did on gate admissions. There he was, leaning over the sixteen-year-old counter girl with his hands up her blouse. The girl was so afraid of not being paid that she'd let him do whatever he wanted.

"So Henri, you find me a match yet?"

"Oui, mon ami. I'm working on a special Battle Royal as the last match. You'll earn your fuckin' money tonight, mon ami."

"You fucker, you'd like to see me get hurt in one of those riots, wouldn't you?"

"I'd like to see you get hurt any way possible," he chuckled and returned to his sixteen-year-old.

It was barely time for the first match to start, and the arena was already crowded, hot, and smoky. I decided to change into my boots and trunks and start warming up. I've never liked Battle Royals—a dozen or more big guys trying to throw each other over the top rope; too many people, too many unpredictables, and far too many accidents—but I had no choice. My contract with Henri said I had to wrestle in any match he arranged. It was set to expire in December, but that didn't help me.

Henri put me in a no-win situation: if I beat the farm boy nobody would care, but if I lost, my reputation would go down the drain. I was determined to give this rube a beating and, if he was lucky, right after our match I'd give him a fuck.

In the locker room, I joined the other wrestlers getting ready for their matches. Most were naked, their partially swollen cocks gently swaying to and fro; some wore towels and boots. The boots always take a long time to tie and are usually put on first. Tension and bravado and the smell of fresh sweat began to fill the locker room as each wrestler's match approached.

I finished changing, left the locker room, and stood in one of the ramparts leading down to the ring. All eyes were focused on the ring so no one paid any attention to me. I watched Mr. Canada—who was new to this area—climb into the ring. He looked good, very good in his tight red trunks, but a little awkward. He knew the right moves, but they didn't flow smoothly from one to the other. His opponent, a university student picking up extra spending money, would normally be no match for Mr. Canada's strength. But the student's ease of movement, cat-like reflexes, and smooth swimmer's body stood him in good stead.

Soon I saw the reason for Mr. Canada's awkwardness: his trunks were swollen with a tremendous hard-on and his adversary was stroking it whenever it was possible to do so discreetly. Nobody can wrestle in that condition. I decided right then that Mr. Canada was someone I wanted to get to know.

I was startled by someone stepping up from behind and speaking into my ear, a familiar, soft voice. "I'm going to wrestle you, tonight."

When I turned, I saw that the farm-boy was standing there in his coveralls and red-flannel shirt, his deep-blue eyes looking directly into mine.

"Look, I told you before, I don't play with amateurs."

He continued to stare at me for a moment, and then a subtle smile formed on his face. "Maybe *you* don't," he whispered, "but Henri does."

The moment he walked away, I looked around for Henri, but I couldn't see him anywhere. Leaving the rampart, I walked toward the hot dog stand. I was right, with all the fans engrossed in Mr. Canada and the swimmer, there were no customers at the hot dog stand, but there was Henri, with his hands fondling the sixteen-year-old's breasts.

"Henri," I shouted, "what the fuck are you trying to do!"

"Not much, mon ami, just feeling the young lady's tits."

"I mean the farm-boy. He said you'd agreed to let him wrestle me. You can't be

ARENA
SHOWERS
MATT

The farm boy was a real smart-ass. Said he wanted to fight me, but I wasn't about to waste my time with some yahoo. No, I was saving my energy for Mr. Canada and his 24-hour hard-on. I couldn't wait to rip off those little red trunks and make him submit to my special skills.

serious."

"But of course, mon ami. None of our boys are willing to get into the ring with you, even for a Battle Royal. Then this farm-boy comes up and says he wants to wrestle you for nothing. I'm not going to pay you for nothing when I can get him for free. That wouldn't be good business. Bon chance, mon ami."

I stormed away and returned to the rampart. I was worried. If I won, nobody would care; if I lost, I'd be humiliated. It could happen. He looked strong. But did he know how to wrestle? Did he know how to fall, how to roll, how to recover without hurting himself or worse, me? Pitting an amateur against a pro is dangerous—for both parties. I knew it; that's why I avoided it. Henri knew it; that's why he'd arranged it for the last match—some real blood on his canvas. I wondered if the farm-boy knew it.

I went back to the locker room. Mr. Canada and the Swimmer were back, stretched out on benches enjoying their beer. Mr. Canada's hard-on had subsided considerably by now, but I noticed a distinctive burgundy patch on the front of his red trunks. Looking directly into his eyes I asked, "Who won?"

"The kid beat me, so to speak. After a certain point I just didn't feel like standing up, so he pinned me. He had things well in hand."

"I noticed. I like your style. How'd you like to get together and work on some moves? I think you've got real potential, and I'd like to help you develop it."

"Sounds good to me," replied Mr. Canada, looking me over closely. "Why don't you come up to my cottage on Monday. I have a gym and mats up there for working out. Say, I hear you're wrestling some farm-boy next match. Is that true?"

"Yep."

"Good luck." As he stood up, he placed his hand on my shoulder. "We've got to get going. The swimmer here and I are going out for a drink. See you Monday."

Mr. Canada and the swimmer headed for the showers. I sat on a bench away from everyone else, trying to pull my thoughts together and psych myself up for the match. Through the closed door of the locker room I could hear the clanging of the big steel bell and the hoarse cheers of the excited crowd as the call to the last match was being made.

I stepped outside the locker room and leaned against the wall to listen to the ring announcer, Maurice. He was explaining that my match with Tom had been canceled because of Tom's injury, and that an unusual challenge had been issued from a citizen of their own community. The crowd roared as the farm-boy was introduced and entered the ring.

Now it was my turn. Maurice introduced me, and my entry music blared over the loudspeakers—Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory," a British anthem, played in a little French arena as a hated villain entered into battle with one of their own. The crowd loved it. They shouted, screamed, and cursed as I began my slow swagger down the aisle.

Approaching the ring, I became more tense. Who was this guy? Why did he want to wrestle me so badly? What did he *really* want? Was he a ringer sent by some unknown enemy to injure me? No time to worry about these things now, I warned myself. Time to prepare for battle.

My opponent had changed from his coveralls to the long red-and-white robe and old, frayed, black-leather boots that Henri usually rented to the rookies. I presumed that underneath the robe he was wearing the matching red-and-black trunks.

From the moment I entered the arena, the farm-boy's gaze had never left me. Good psychology, I thought—upset your opponent and put him off stride. I knew the trick well. It was a good trick and it was working—against me! Slowly I climbed up the stairs and into the ring. Maurice and the referee sat on the middle rope so I could step through. The crowd was screaming louder than I had ever heard before. They knew I was scared. They were sure I'd be beaten.

The referee called us to the center of the ring and began his instructions. I wasn't listening; I never bother to. I always do what I want to do and never let the rules stop me. Still, the farm-boy stared at me. I began to stare back.

He was taller than I'd first thought and a little bigger. His wide shoulders were exaggerated by the padding of the robe, and the tight sash acentuated his narrow waist. The referee told us to shake hands. The farm-boy slowly grinned as he extended his. I looked at it and then back into his eyes. Then I simply turned around and walked back to my corner. The crowd jeered at this unsportsmanlike behavior.

Leaning on the ropes in my corner, I watched the farm-boy take off his robe. I was right. He was wearing Henri's old red-and-black trunks, which were thin and ragged in places and a bit small. They stretched snugly over the smooth curve of his ass and across the tight swell of his tights. His back was smooth and defined and well oiled. A cleft which began between his shoulder blades deepened as it disappeared into his trunks.

He folded his robe and turned to face me. He stood there relaxed and confident, his arms resting lightly on the ring ropes. A thick tangle of veins ran up his wide forearms and disappeared in the heavy bulge of his biceps. His thick pecs, crowned with small bronzed nipples, swept

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forward across his chest, almost but not quite meeting at the center. Below a chiseled abdomen, his trunks covered a full, round basket. All in all, a handsome and formidable package of lean, mean meat.

The referee signaled the time keeper to ring the bell, and the match was on. We approached the center of the ring, each of us circling to his right, per the dictates of good training. We circled once, twice, three times, looking for a weakness, looking for an opening. We met in a lockup, both of us pushing with all our strength, neither of us moving. We pushed again, and still nothing. I broke the lockup and circled again. The farm-boy was strong. He was not going to be a pushover.

We approached the center of the ring again. This time I held up my hands, challenging him to a test of strength. He accepted. We locked hands and immediately pushed toward each other. We stood there pec to pec, arms out to the sides, each trying to make the other submit. Finally realizing that the struggle was futile, we broke the lockup and stepped apart.

I knew now that he would not be outmuscled. I would have to outsmart him. We circled again. This time I made a grab for his arm. He responded quickly, but not quickly enough. I trapped his left arm, then spun to my right, dropped onto my right knee, and threw him over my shoulder and onto the mat. He hit full-force and gasped. I shifted his arm under mine into an arm bar, forcing the elbow over my knee. He gasped again, this time in pain.

I continued to work his elbow. My hope was to hurt him early. This had two effects: it reduced his effectiveness and, more important, told him that I meant business.

Suddenly he arched his back and brought himself to his feet. Once he'd regained his balance, he stepped in, twisted and pulled and threw me over his back—it was my turn to crash onto the mat. I got to my feet slowly, all the while keeping my eyes on him. Staring and smiling at me, he stood proudly erect in the center of the ring.

When I approached him, he offered his hands for another test of strength. I accepted. This time we did not crash into each other. We stood there, 18 inches apart, only our hands making contact, each trying to force the other to his knees. Years of farm labor had made my opponent's upper body powerful. I felt my wrists beginning to bend, painfully.

Slowly, ever so slowly, I was forced to my knees. Slowly, ever so slowly, I saw his body passing before me in intimate detail. Those deep-blue eyes gave way to his thick neck with veins and arteries bulging and pulsing under the immense strain. His chest with its smooth round pecs, the nipples hard and erect, cast shadows from the carbon arc lights onto his knotted stomach.

I continued to drop. My knees touched the mat. I was staring directly into his bulging basket. I could see the tufts of dirty-blond hair protruding from the top of his trunks. I could smell the sweat of his groin. I was on my knees now and couldn't go any further. The farm-boy changed his angle, stepping foward, his crotch now inches from my mouth. He started pushing me onto my back, rubbing his bulge against my face.

I saw my chance, the only thing I could do. Pushing forward as hard as I could with my arms and shoulders, I leaned my head back as far as possible. Then suddenly I switched motions, snapping my head forward as I pulled him into me. It worked; he was caught off guard. He had been pressing against me so hard that he had put himself off balance. His forward push combined with my forward pull made him fall towards me, and my forehead crashed with great force right into that full, round crotch.

The farm-boy screamed in pain as he collapsed on the mat, his hands between his legs. He was gasping for air, fighting the waves of nausea. It was time for me to finish this thing. I got to my feet and walked over to him. He lay on his side, facing me, the deep-blue eyes wide with pain and fear. I brought my right foot up and drove and thrust it toward his stomach. But to my surprise he caught my foot, quickly stood up, and swept my other foot from under me—and again I fell heavily to the mat. He locked my leg with his and slowly began to twist my knee. I gasped with pain and looked frantically for a path of escape. Reaching up and grabbing a handful of hair, I pulled as hard as I could. He had no choice but to release the hold, roll onto his back, and then up onto his feet.

We circled again. We were both tired. The crowd was on its feet. I'd finally met my match, and I was desperate; I was losing. This had to be stopped—at whatever cost. As he stood there facing me, I noticed something: a slight twitching of his gut muscles. This was the opening I was looking for. The spontaneous twitching of his abdominals meant they were overly tired, lacking both sugar and oxygen, not working as well as they should. We locked up and exchanged holds for another few minutes. All the while I watched his abdomen, waiting for the moment to strike.

We'd been wrestling about 20 minutes. It was now or never. Standing in the middle of the ring, we moved toward each other for another lockup. This time, however, I was faking it. As the farm-boy stepped forward, I lifted his right arm and stepped under it, at the same time bringing up my knee full-force into the pit of his stomach. It worked. He grabbed himself and doubled over in pain. Continuing my forward motion, I stepped directly behind him, grabbed his hair, and forced him to stand erect.

The crowd screamed. They knew what was about to happen. They knew the sleeper hold, from which no one escaped. Quickly, I wrapped my right arm around his strong neck and locked my left behind his head. I began to squeeze. The farm-boy thrashed wildly, trying to escape. Then the thrashing diminished, and I could feel his body beginning to sag. His breathing became heavier, slower, and louder—almost a snore. He began to lose control of his legs, and I lowered him to the mat, still squeezing. Collapsed on the mat, he seemed lifeless except for the heavy breathing and the saliva drooling out of his mouth. I looked down at his crotch, at the dark, widening cum stain seeping through his trunks—a notorious side effect of the sleeper hold.

As he lay unconscious in the center of the ring, my arm was raised in victory. But I did not feel victorious, only tired. All I wanted was to sit down and rest. I slipped through the ropes and made my way through the crowd and back into the locker room.

Ours was the last match. The other wrestlers had already showered, dressed, and left before the traffic jam of the dispersing crowd began. Alone, I opened my locker, took out a can of beer, and sank to the bench.

About five minutes later I heard the outer door of the locker room open. I looked up expecting to see some groupie hoping for a glimpse of his favorite wrestler naked. But it was the farm-boy, cold sweat covering his body, his dirty-blond hair a mess. He sat on the bench opposite me and looked into my eyes.

"You're not bad, kid. Want a beer?"

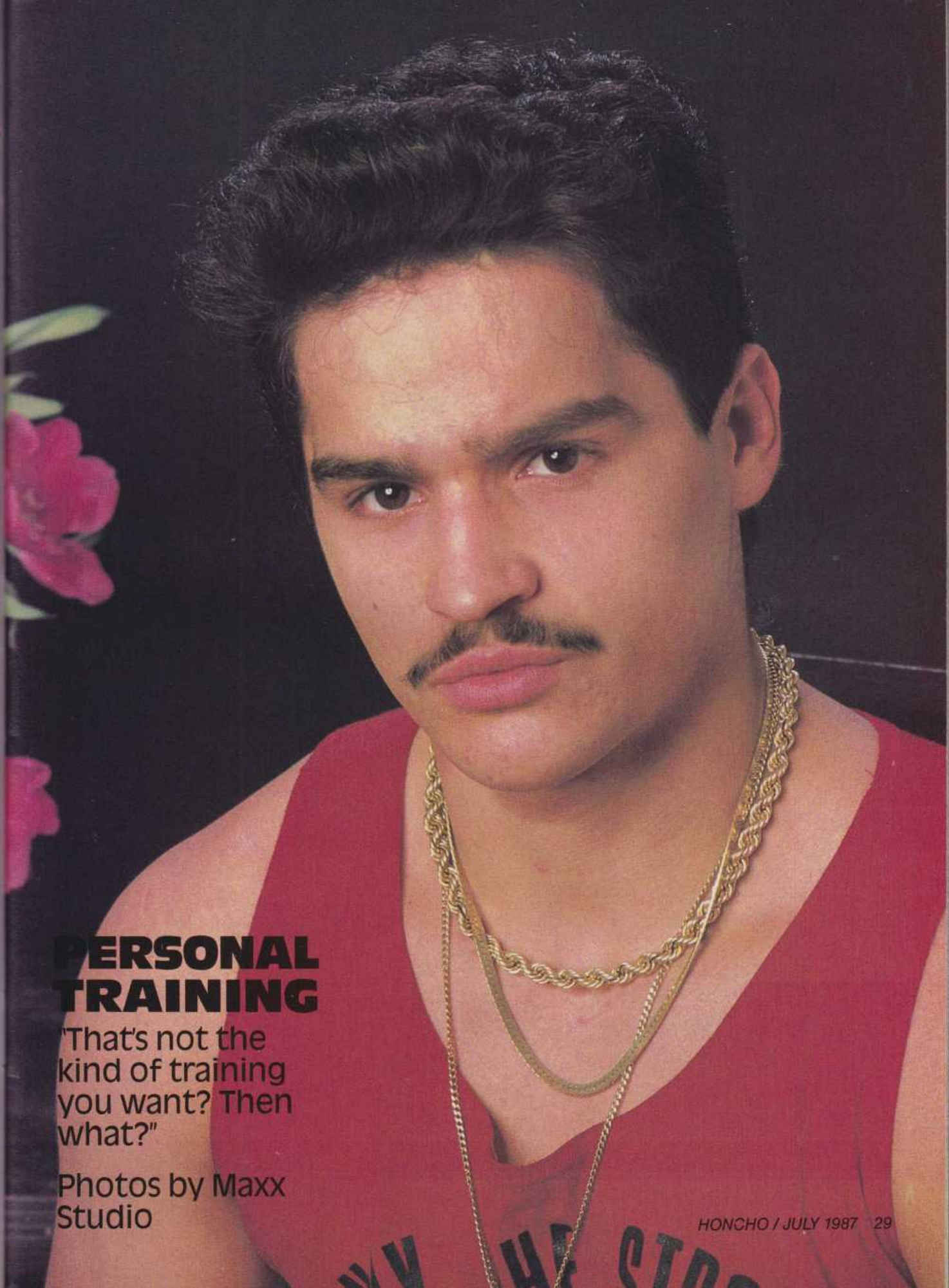
"Sure," he replied, very quietly.

I got up, went to the locker, and got out another beer. Returning, I saw that the farm-boy had stood up and taken off his trunks. He was wearing nothing but his black-leather boots now, and his huge cock was semi-erect.

I walked up to him and handed him the beer. He just stood there staring. Slowly, I raised my hand and felt his smooth, full, solid pecs. Still, he didn't move. I ran my hand down his still-twitching gut muscles and let it come to rest on his swollen tool. With the touch of my hand, his cock pulsed and stiffened. I stepped back.

"Why don't we take a shower and then head over to my place for a few drinks and a chance to get to know each other a little better?" I asked.

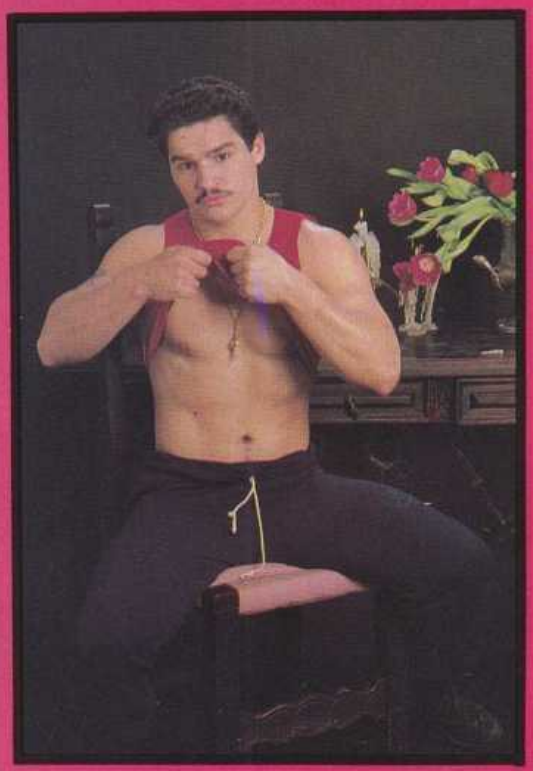
"Sure," he replied quietly, very quietly. ■

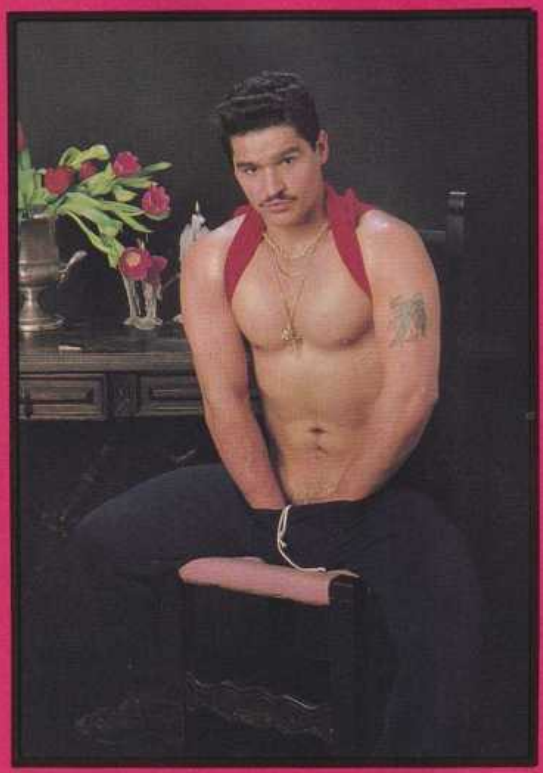


PERSONAL TRAINING

"That's not the kind of training you want? Then what?"

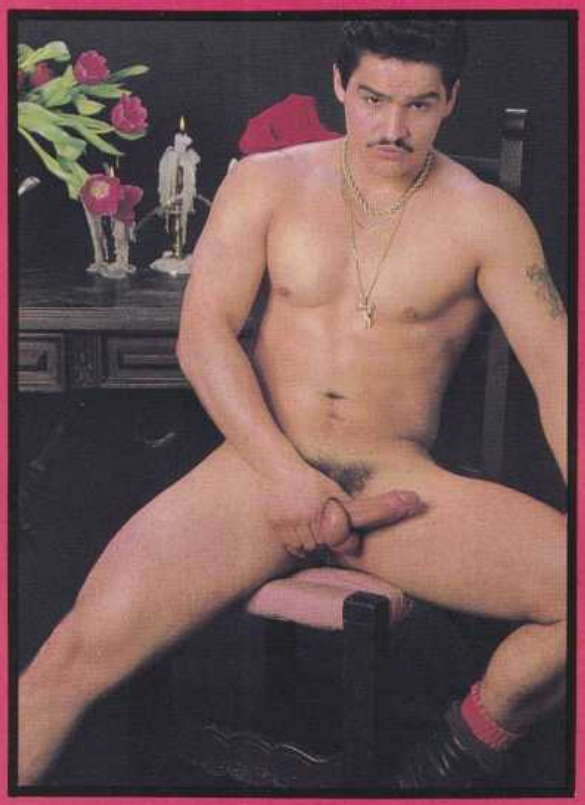
Photos by Maxx Studio





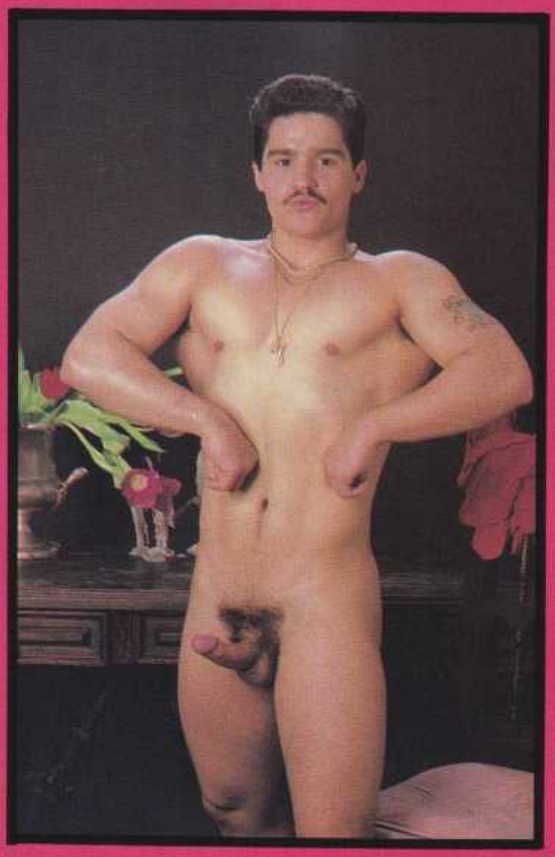
PERSONAL TRAINING

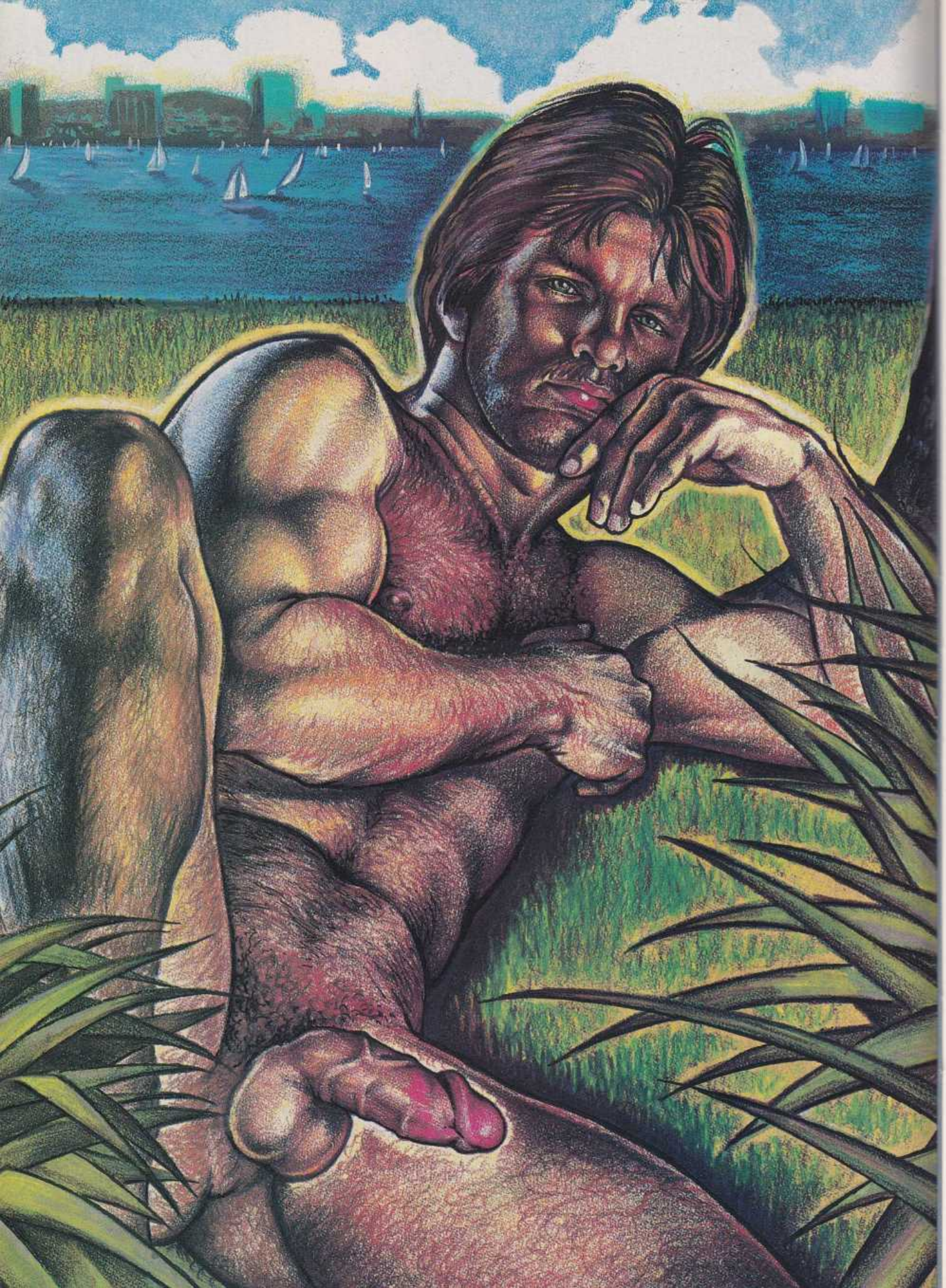
"Well, if you want to compare muscles. . ."



PERSONAL TRAINING

"How about this? Does that give you something to work for?"





TOUGH GUYS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD A. WHITE

Those wonderful summer afternoons when you know everyone else is at work—and you aren't. That was what Sam liked best about being a chef. Work didn't start until 4:00 P.M. and he could spend most of the day wandering the expanses of grass on the Fenway, Boston's outdoor cruising rink.

All the other gay men he could see wore the standard outdoor uniform: gym shorts, a tanktop, and white-leather sneakers. But Sam, knowing that it would be cooler when he finished his shift at one in the morning, cruised the park in his work uniform: jeans and a sport shirt. Fortunately, the heat and humidity were somewhat mitigated by the breeze off the Charles River.

Sam walked to a clump of willows and hedges and sat cross-legged by the water's edge to have his lunch. From his knapsack he removed a foil-wrapped chicken breast, cold broccoli vinaigrette in a plastic container, and a can of lemonade. As head chef, he got to take home leftovers, which meant anything from filet mignon to whole chickens to cakes and pies and fruit. This amounted to 50 or 60 dollars a week he didn't have to spend for food—and that much more he could spend on clothes and booze.

It was Friday afternoon and Sam was feeling quite contented. The rent was paid a week early, his hair was newly styled—fashionably short—and he had just come from his daily gym session. He and Paul—the guy he was "seeing" this year—were going to "cool it" this weekend and not get together until Monday night, so Sam would have even more time to himself than usual, since he normally spent Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at Paul's place.

Sam's lifestyle had not been achieved overnight. In his twenties he had worked at a number of different kinds of jobs, and at thirty he had tried to make it as a freelance illustrator. When the work was there the money was fantastic, but too often there was no work and no money. He couldn't stand being out of ready cash when he wanted to go dancing or cruising. When his friend Ross offered him a trainee-chef position at an exclusive restaurant, Sam jumped at the chance. Ross taught him professional kitchen procedures, food-cost estimating, portion control, and the subtleties of gourmet cooking. Six months later, when Ross left La Chanson, Sam was made head chef. He moved into a larger apartment and outfitted it with a VCR, a CD player, track lighting, and wall-to-wall carpeting. He'd arrived at last.

Sam and Paul referred to each other as "boyfriend," a term that allowed them a certain coziness without precluding the occasional "adventure." When they were together the sex was hot and constant, but each had his own apartment and each usually had a little something going on the side, which neither ever bothered to tell the other about. They loved being seen together at the bars. As two of the handsomest, best-put-together young men in Boston, they were the envy of the not-so-attractive and an enticing challenge to the beautiful, to whose seductions they almost always yielded. It was a perfect arrangement. And perfectly empty.

It was the emptiness of it all that began to gnaw at Sam as he finished his lunch. Yet why should he feel empty? he wondered. He had all the things he wanted, and he had waited a long time to get them. What else was there? Perhaps, he reasoned, he needed a new goal, something to struggle for, something to add spice to the serenity he'd worked so hard to attain. But what? And why? His stomach fluttered. He felt slightly queasy. Maybe it was the chicken; maybe it hadn't been stored properly. He tossed what was left of it into the river and watched the ducks gobble it down. As they drifted away, he studied them for any ill effects. He saw none. And then he realized that his own queasiness had vanished. So had the vague feeling of emptiness.

He leaned back into the shade. Behind his head he heard a slight rustling. Shit, were the boys sucking cock this early in the day? Foolish question.

Not wanting to disrupt anyone's fun, he slowly turned his head and sneaked a glance over his right shoulder. Under a drooping willow branch a man was sleeping. He was about thirty-five, with a two-day growth of stubble and straggly, longish, sandy-brown hair, and he was wearing work boots, worn-out cut-offs, and no shirt. His thick legs and arms and calloused fingers meant day laborer to Sam. They also meant hot. Jesus, the man was even hairier than Paul!

Noticing a bright-silver watch lying at the man's side, Sam decided that would do as an excuse to approach him. Sam got up, walked over to the man, and gently touched his shoulder. The man abruptly roused and sat up and glared into Sam's eyes.

"Whaddya want?" he snarled, scrunching up his face, his transparent green eyes not yet focused.

"I saw you sleeping and thought you'd better hide your watch. Someone might steal it."

Sam smiled his best smile, and the man grunted his thanks and put the watch in his pocket. Sam returned to his spot a few feet away and sat back down. Never taking his eyes off Sam, the man turned onto his side and propped himself up on his elbows. Sam opened his knapsack, pulled out two oranges, and held one out. The man stood,

a little shaky on his feet, strided over, and sat down at Sam's side. He took the orange and granted his benefactor a sexy half-smile.

"Gennario," he said, extending a hand. "Gennario Zingare."

"Sam Uravich," said Sam, shaking Gennario's hand.

Sam grinned, then bit into his orange and began peeling it. Gennario removed his boots and socks and let his feet dangle in the water. Years of grinning and frowning had worn deep creases in Gennario's cheeks and forehead, Sam observed. He was a passionate man, no doubt, probably hot-tempered. Dangerous? A little shudder ran down Sam's spine. Was this man a hustler, a homeless bum, a mugger, straight, gay?

"How long had you been asleep?" Sam finally asked.

Gennario was staring at Sam again, sizing him up—at least that's what it felt like to the titillated chef. "I been sleeping here for the last three days. Popular spot after dark with the guys." Gennario gave Sam a wink and a dimpled grin, then chewed a hunk of skin off the orange and spit it into the water. Sam couldn't believe this super-macho guy was actually flirting with him, but he couldn't help thinking of the eating scene in *Tom Jones*. "Yeah," Gennario continued, "the boys like to play hide 'n' seek around here." He stuffed the whole orange into his mouth, chewed, and swallowed.

"I have an apple, too. You seem really hungry."

"Yeah. You might say I'm exactly what I seem."

Sam took an apple from his knapsack, polished it on his T-shirt, and handed it to Gennario.

"You're a nice man, Sam. Thanks."

"Sure." There was something disarming about Gennario. Sam was feeling less and less apprehensive and more and more intrigued. Or perhaps it was concern he was feeling, genuine human concern. "Why are you sleeping out here? Don't you have a place to live?"

"Not yet."

"Are you looking for work or something?"

"Mmm-hmm," Gennario mumbled, his mouth full of apple. "I'm a carpenter. Also do electrical work. Came up from Houston."

"Are you a *licensed* electrician?"

Gennario swallowed the last bite of apple and tossed the core to the soon-to-be disappointed ducks. "Yeah, I'm licensed. I usually find work the day I get to a town, any town. Not this time. Not yet. I got my gear in lockers at the bus terminal."

Sam wondered how long it would take Gennario to make his pitch. He was fairly sure it was coming. If not, Sam was prepared to make the pitch himself. Three students cycled by, all with books strapped to their rear fenders. A little down the way, they stopped, stripped to the waist, and lay down on the river bank. Sam and Gennario watched, to fill the silence that had fallen between them.

Finally Gennario asked, "Where do you work?"

Sam told him that he worked at a restaurant. He decided for the moment to withhold any details.

"Need any carpentry work, or electrical work?"

"Not right now. We had a major renovation several month ago, but since then . . ."

Silence again. Gennario stared at the water. Sam stared at Gennario.

"You an artist or something, on the side, I mean?" Gennario asked, stirring the water with his feet.

Sam eyed the stranger with a mix of curiosity and fear. He guessed that the stranger was a passionate man, probably hot-tempered. Dangerous? A little shudder ran down Sam's spine. Was this man a hustler, a homeless bum, a mugger, straight, gay?

"What makes you ask that?"

"The way you keep studying my face and all. You got a real intense way of looking at a person."

Sam was relieved and grateful for the way Gennario had interpreted his stare. "I used to be. Gave it up. Couldn't make it pay." Sam wanted the man, really wanted him; he could feel the desire welling up in his groin. But he was also afraid—of what, he didn't know, but his fear was as intense as his desire, perhaps just a bit more so. "Jesus, I gotta get to work," he said suddenly.

Gennario grinned—a wide, dimpled, dazzling display of pearly-white teeth and wet lips. "See ya 'round. Thanks for the fruit."

"No problem." Sam walked away.

Friday night in the summer was Sam's longest shift. He was exhausted when he got off, and yet he was in the mood for some socializing. But it was 1:30 and in Beantown that's only a half-hour shy of last call. On his way home he wandered past the river, unaware of the beeline he was making to the spot where he'd met Gennario. He *was* aware of the relief he felt when he saw the humpy Italian lying wide awake under the same tree.

Sam walked right up to him and spoke without hesitation: "So you're still here. Need a place to stay?"

Gennario nodded and said, "Yup," then looked Sam right in the eyes and asked, "You gay?"

Sam nodded and said, "Yup," then, holding Gennario's stare, asked, "You mind?"

"Depends."

"Oh. No problem. I have a boyfriend, so you'll be safe."

Gennario grinned that crinkly grin of his. "What's your boyfriend gonna think about you bringing home a bum?"

"We don't live together. I have my own place. Anyway, you're not a bum."

"What am I then?"

There was a touching humility in Gennario's voice, as if he were appealing to Sam to grant him a more honorable label than he had given himself. It was the first hint of vulnerability Sam had seen in Gennario, and Sam found it irresistibly charming.

"You're a hard-working man who's between engagements. Right?"

Gennario paused for just a second, then stood up and clapped Sam on the shoulder. "Right. Thanks."

And I'm one helluva nice guy, Sam thought to himself as he turned and led the way out of the Fenway.

"Jesus!" said Gennario as he stepped across the threshold into Sam's Union Park duplex and gazed across the wide living room at the Boston skyline glittering beyond the terrace.

Pleased with Gennario's admiration for his impressive digs, Sam took his guest on a showily casual tour. A half-floor above the living room, the dining loft gave onto a roof garden, which was densely outlined with potted trees—for nude sunbathing, Sam pointed out off-handedly. In the kitchen, the copper-bottomed pots and pans and gleaming utensils testified to Sam's gourmet status. In the bedroom, one entire glass-and-chrome wall was filled with stereo and video equipment, and the king-size waterbed, covered with a down-filled satin comforter, was lit by soft-focus spotlights recessed in the mirrored ceiling. Back in the living room, Sam gestured for Gennario to sit on the velvet-upholstered sofa, then knelt in front of the fireplace and lit the gas logs. He adjusted the flame to the lowest possible setting, enough for the proper atmosphere, not enough to raise the temperature in the room, which was already just this side of stifling.

"Tacky, I know, but I'm too lazy to fool with firewood and kindling and all that." He went to the glass wall and opened the sliding doors, then turned back to Gennario, who, it suddenly occurred to Sam, hadn't spoken a word since first entering the apartment. "What kind of host *am* I! Here I've dragged you from one end of my boring duplex to another, and I haven't even offered you anything to eat or drink. Would you like something?"

"Yeah. Anything." Gennario chuckled and rubbed his stomach, not the least bit shy about pointing out the extent of his hunger.

"Coming right up."

In no time, Sam had covered the coffee table with a spread of poached salmon and hollandaise sauce, raw vegetables and fruit, black bread, and herbal butter. Gennario filled his plate and dug right in. Sam filled their iced goblets with chilled Chablis. Sam sipped and didn't eat. Gennario chugged and gorged.

When the food was gone and cleared away, Sam brought out a fresh bottle of wine and, for the fourth time, refilled Gennario's glass. "You can sleep here on the sofa if you want," he offered. "It's a sofabed. But—and this is not a come-on—you're welcome to join me in the bedroom. The air conditioner is broken in here, and as you saw, my bed's big enough for four, so you'll have plenty of room to keep to yourself."

"Sounds good to me. I can't sleep when I'm hot," Gennario said without hesitation.

"I have to warn you, though, I've been known to cuddle in my sleep. Paul and I are confirmed snugglers, so it's sort of a habit."

"I can handle it."

Gennario's tone of voice was ever-so-slightly suggestive—to Sam's ears anyway—and he briefly flashed a crooked sort of grin that Sam hadn't seen on him before. So Sam treated himself to a little bit of hope regarding just how Gennario might "handle" a bit of flirtatious snuggling. It would definitely *be* a flirtation if Sam were to snuggle up to his guest; the stuff about his and Paul's sleeping habits was an outright lie. Sam hated trying to sleep with somebody's arms and legs wrapped around him.

"I should take a shower," said Gennario, breaking Sam's reverie. "The only washing I've had lately has been in the john at the bus station. Wouldn't want to drive you outa your own bed."

Sam showed Gennario to the upstairs bathroom, which was right off the bedroom, handed the scruffy Italian fresh linen, then returned to the living room to tidy up. A few minutes later Sam was lying in bed naked. There was soft music playing on the stereo, which would turn itself off in 45 minutes. The air conditioner was on high. The lights were out.

And Sam was terrified. How could he be so reckless, taking in a self-confessed bum from the Fenway, pointing out one by one all his expensive possessions, stuffing him with strength-restoring food, and then inviting him into his bed? Who *was* this man who was about to slip in between Sam's satin sheets?

Then the man in question stepped out of the bathroom, and Sam forgot to be terrified. He had left the drapes open, and the light from the city and the full moon was enough to fully illuminate his nude guest as he made his way to the bed. Sam could see that Gennario's muscular legs were as furry as the rest of his body, and that was almost more of a turn-on than what was hanging from the man's groin. Almost. But not quite. The flaccid organ was swinging in such an awesomely wide arc that even after Sam shut his eyes he couldn't stop seeing it. And wanting it.

He had shut his eyes so that Gennario would think he was asleep. That way, he wouldn't have to wait so long to make his first move—as long as Gennario had not noticed Sam's wide-open eyes when he first came out of the bathroom. Apparently not, Sam decided, as Gennario—wordlessly and with an obvious effort not to make waves—took his place on the far side of the waterbed.

Sam waited patiently until his bed partner's breathing was slow and even. Then he rolled slightly and listened again: no change. He opened one eye just a little and looked over at Gennario, who was lying flat on his back, hands behind his head, eyes shut. Sam twitched, as if in his sleep. He lay still for a few seconds, then rolled and stretched and let his hand come to rest no more than a millimeter from Gennario's elbow. He got rid of the millimeter and let his index finger rest directly on the main artery on the inside of Gennario's arm. Gennario was not asleep. Sam could tell by his fairly rapid pulse. At least he wasn't in a deep sleep yet.

Sam left his finger where it was but made no other move until the pulse slowed considerably and Gennario started to snore. Now the man *had* to be asleep. If not, the snoring was an act, and if Gennario was into playing those kinds of games, then he was probably into a lot of the same things that Sam had in mind—as long as he wasn't required to admit to them. If that was the way the macho Italian wanted it, it was fine with Sam.

After one final, brief hesitation, Sam slowly ran his hand along Gennario's hard biceps and, closing his fingers, pushed his fist into the hairy armpit. Then rolling onto his side, he reached over with his other hand and ran his fingers through the dense fur on Gennario's chest. The stored heat of the sun radiated from Gennario's skin, and his mountainous tits were dotted with sweat. Fresh from the shower, his body exuded no stench, but his natural smells were strong enough to overpower the deodorant soap, and Sam's nostrils were treated to his favorite fragrance in the world: clean, unperfumed male.

Sam was intoxicated now—by smell, by touch, by anticipation—and after a long, deep intake of breath, what little sense of caution had restrained him so far expired as he exhaled. His hand glided down Gennario's chest, across his hard stomach, in and out of the deep indentation of his navel, down toward his groin, into the steel-wool kink at the base of his magnificent organ, which was still soft but no longer *completely* soft. Sound asleep or half awake, some part of Gennario was responding to Sam's caresses, and responding positively.

Sam closed his fingers around the shaft and was delighted to feel it twitch and stir in his grasp. He held it tightly for a moment, then released it and moved his hand down to the ballsac. He pinched into the loose, moist, leathery folds of skin and took the measure of the egg-sized contents against his palm. All the while, Gennario kept up his snoring. All the while, his pulse kept to a slow, somnambulistic pace. All the while, his cock kept growing. When Sam again wrapped his hand around it, he could no longer bring the tips of his fingers together; Gennario was hard as a rock, and the rock was the size and shape of a billy club.

Sam couldn't wait to get it down his gullet. And he didn't wait. He raised his head, spread his jaws, relaxed every muscle in his mouth and throat, and in a single, steady, graceful plunge, swallowed Gennario's club all the way down to its wooly root.

Abruptly, Gennario snorted and jerked and smacked his lips. Sam froze. Gennario muttered something unintelligible, then moaned, then sighed, then was silent. The snoring did not resume, but Gennario's breathing became quiet and regular again.

Sam waited a few seconds more, then started sucking. He gave it everything he had. He wanted everything Gennario had. He was sure it was a lot. He was right.

When Gennario came, it was like no other load Sam had ever taken. It seemed to shoot out of his cock not in a steady stream but in huge, choking gobs. And

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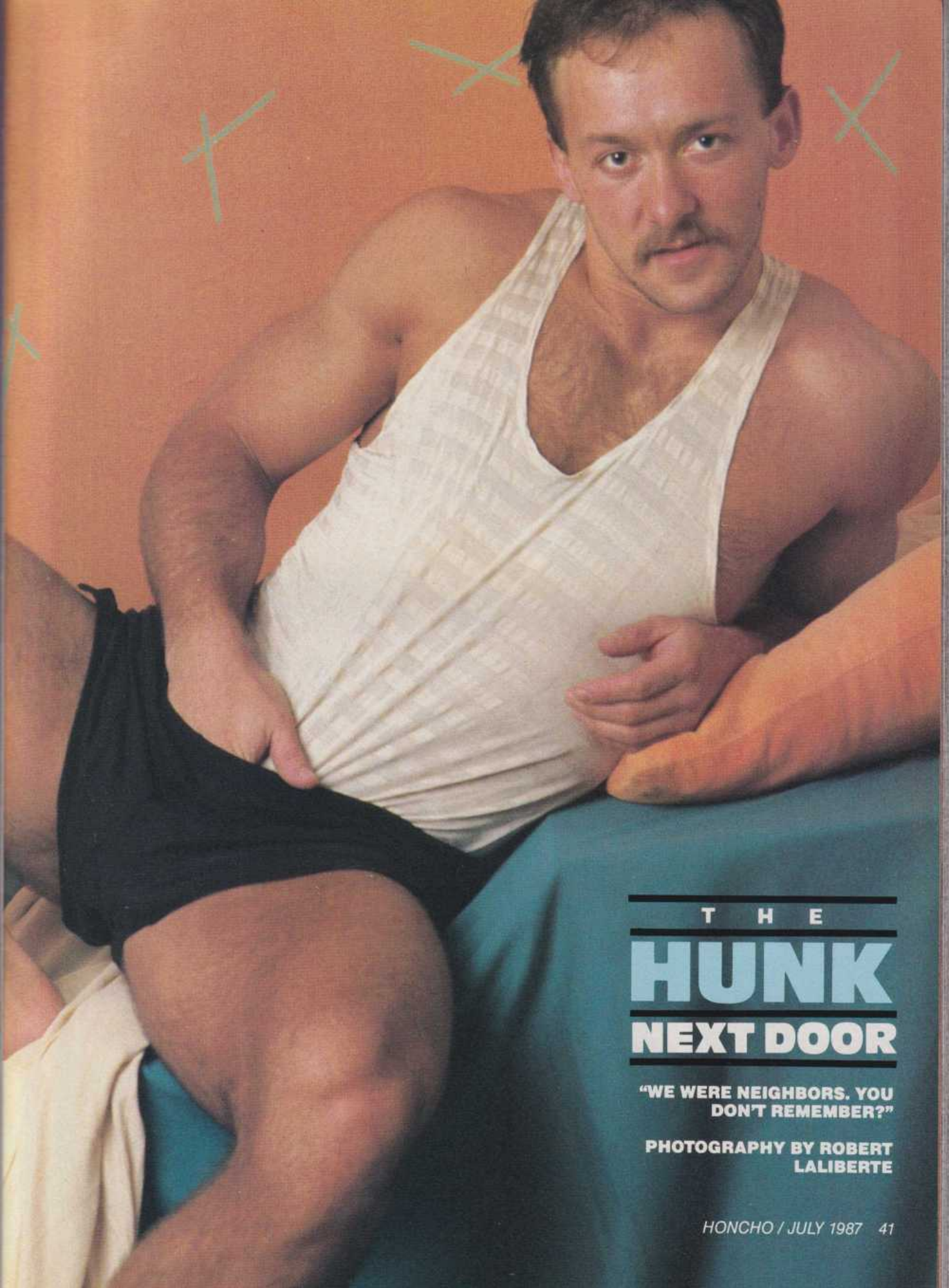
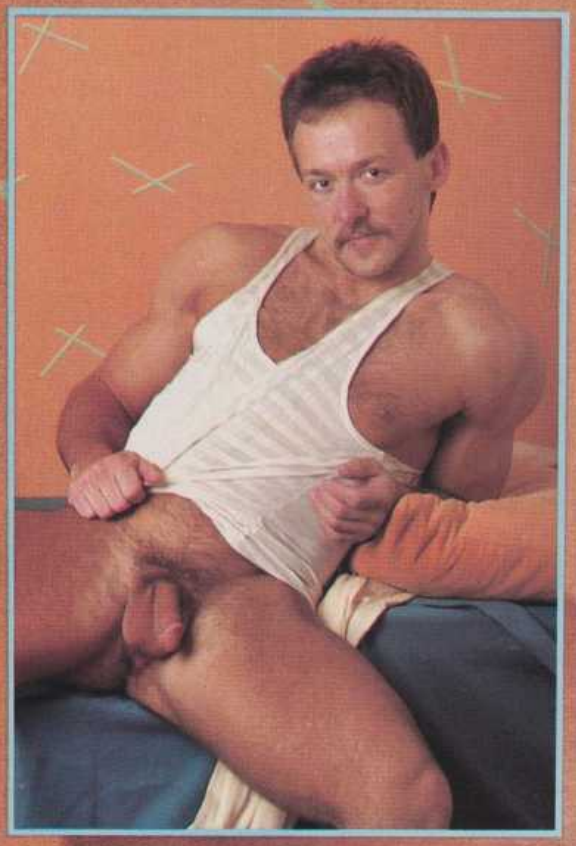
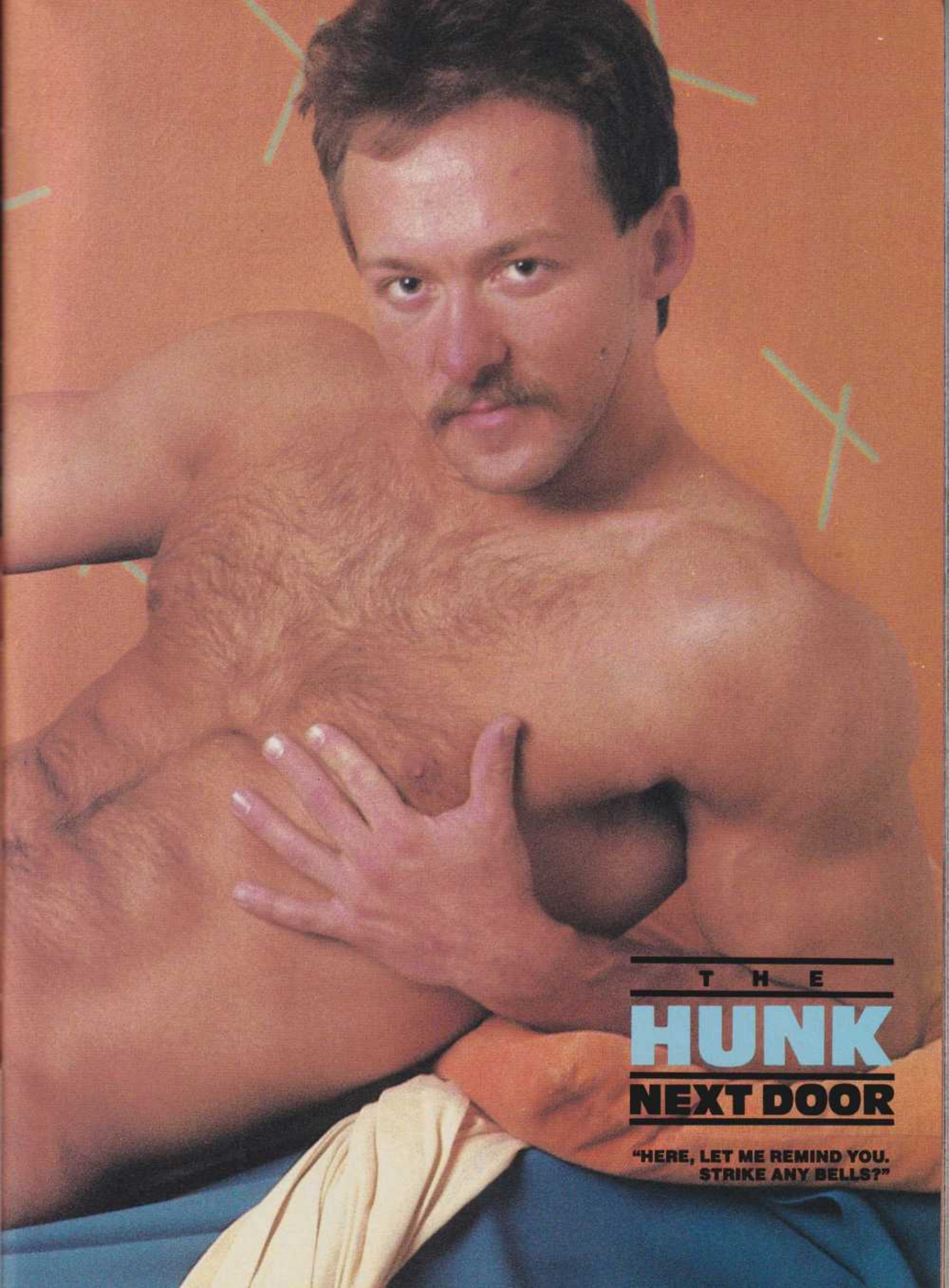


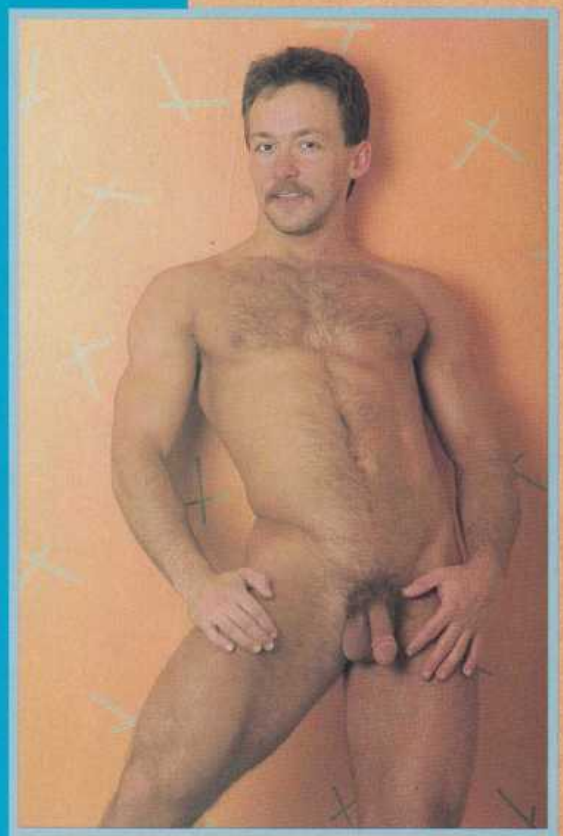
THE HUNK NEXT DOOR

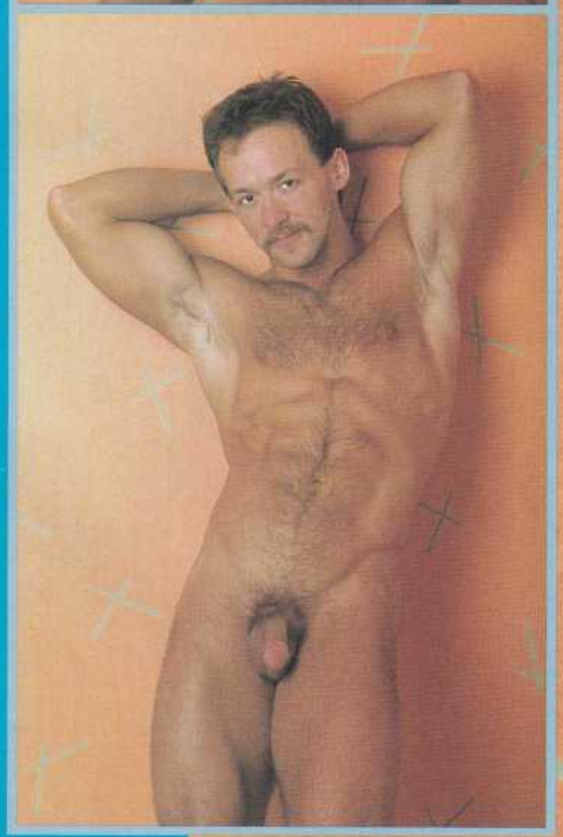
"WE WERE NEIGHBORS. YOU DON'T REMEMBER?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT LALIBERTE




THE
HUNK
NEXT DOOR
"HERE, LET ME REMIND YOU.
STRIKE ANY BELLS?"



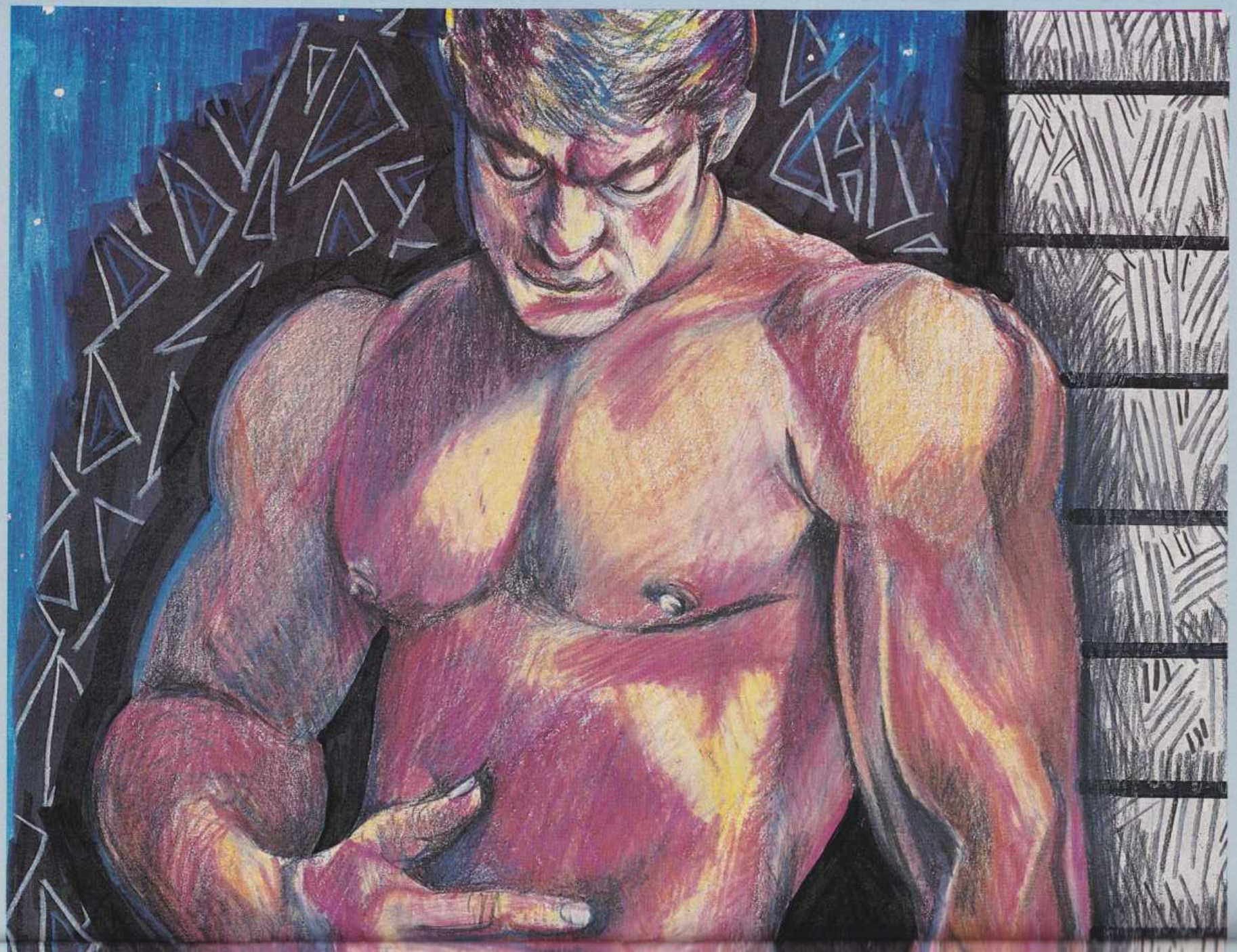


THE HUNK NEXT DOOR

"YOU USED TO WATCH ME PUMP UP. DO YOU LIKE THE RESULTS?"

THE HUNK NEXT DOOR

"NOW THAT YOU'VE PLACED ME, HOW ABOUT MAKING A NEW MEMORY? RIGHT NOW."



PRISON RULES

BY JASON FURY • ART BY AL

My job as a counselor to ex-convicts in Atlanta was proving to be a disaster.

When I accepted the job as head of the Prison Outreach program, I thought I would be helping former inmates to adjust to life on the outside. But instead, most of my time was spent in court. Whenever a former prisoner was implicated in a crime, I had to do a psychological profile of the man and serve as an expert witness. If I wasn't doing that, I was appearing before civic groups or the state legislature or on TV talk shows, explaining what Prison Outreach was all about.

What it's all about is bullshit, I thought that November morning as I sat in my rathole of an office on a sleazy corner of Peachtree Street. It was six months since I had taken the job, and my first order of business that day was a letter of resignation.

The door opened and in walked Jimmy Torres. Of all my former convicts, he was by far the most fascinating—and vulnerable. A full-blooded Cherokee Indian, he was a real knockout—rose-tan skin, hair the color of coal pulled back into a short ponytail, and a body you would kill for.

"Hiya, Indian Jim," I greeted him brightly.

"Hello, shrink," he replied gloomily.

"Uh-oh, you've got problems. I can tell. Pour yourself some coffee and park your ass over here."

He brought his mug over to my desk and sat on the edge. His eyes, the color of bourbon, glinted warmly as they always did whenever he looked at me. From our first meeting, he had picked up that I was gay, and he was always teasing me about it. But

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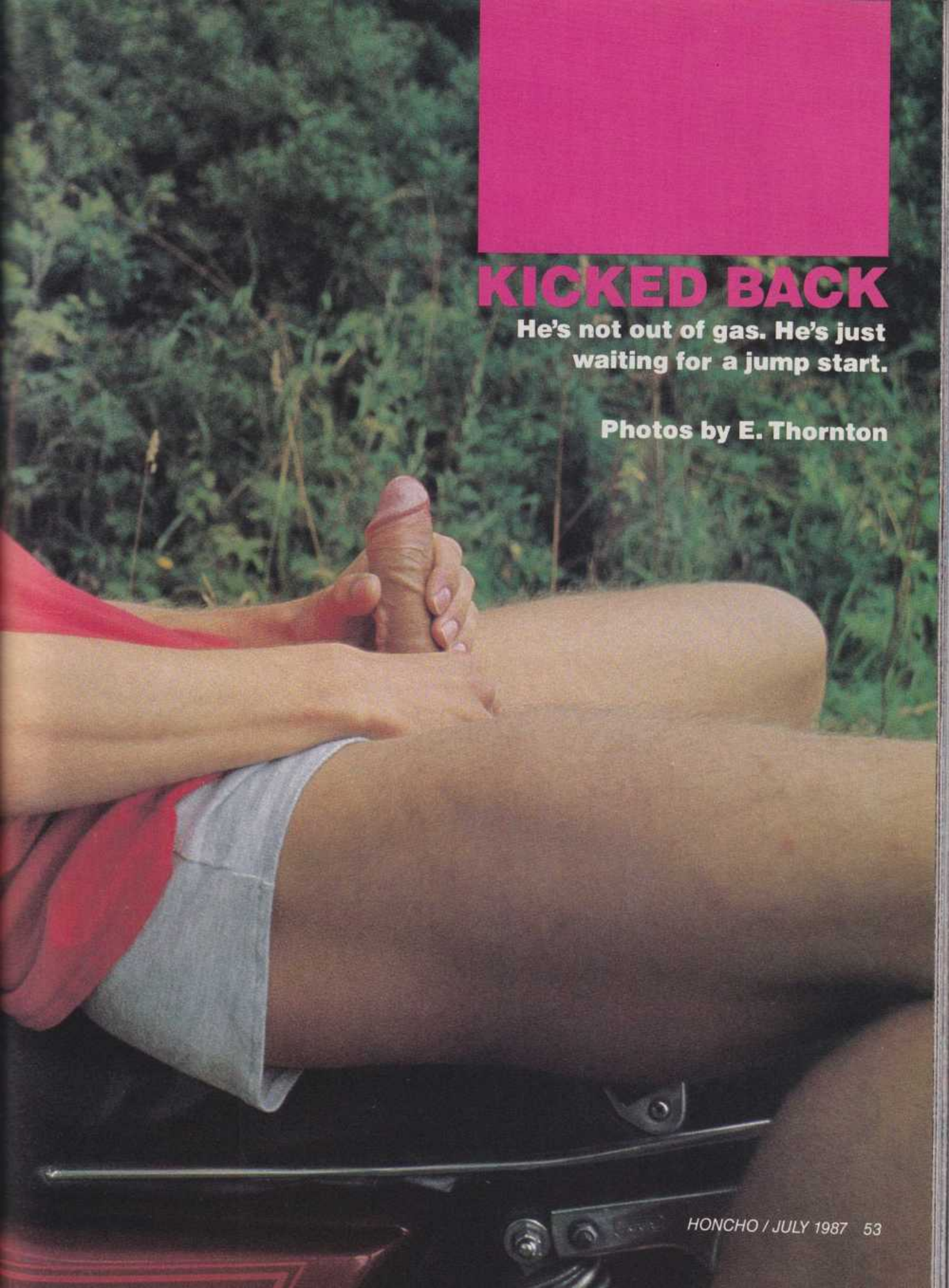
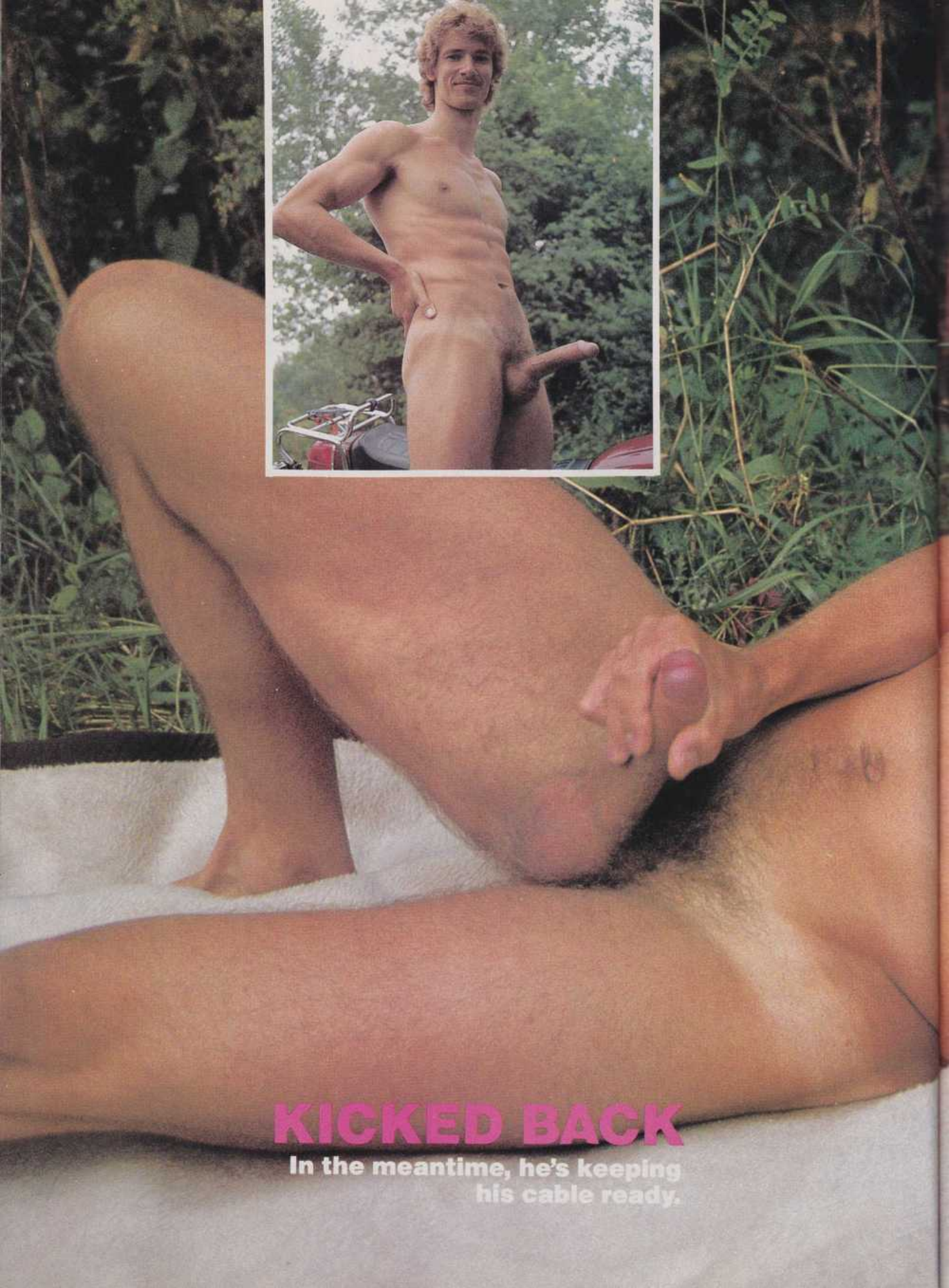


KICKED BACK

He's not out of gas. He's just waiting for a jump start.

Photos by E. Thornton



KICKED BACK

In the meantime, he's keeping his cable ready.

RIDE ME, JOCKEY!

BY BART WASHINGTON • ART BY STEVEN BLAKE

During the summers when I covered horse racing, I spent around twelve hours a day on the form and at the track. I studied the horses at workouts, on shed row, and in the paddock—and I still had time for sex. Race tracks draw butch gays like the ballet draws nellies, and there's one thing I've noticed about horse folk, from owners to muckers: they have inches over ordinary men. The five biggest dicks I've ever seen were at race tracks—three on trainers and two on jocks, who often seemed no taller than their aroused dongs.

One night I was to meet one of those jocks—Vernal Hooper, second leading rider at the meet—for a gallop at his motel. I had met Vernal on Kentucky Derby Day three years before, and we had had sex four times in a john stall. Vernal's ass was the hardest I've ever pumped. But he didn't like having his big dong played with. Kept it covered in his shorts.

Since that Saturday in May, I had seen Vernal after work at Fairmont Park, Hazel Park, Latonia, and now at River Downs. "Helps me keep my weight down," he said, about his frequent fuckings. Now and then he would invite a third man, but when *I* once brought along a football player, Vernal was jealous. He didn't even like for me to *mention* other tricks.

Anyway, it was still daytime, so I put cock out of mind. I sifted through speed ratings, weights, conversions, conditions. I found only one horse I would risk my grad-school money on: a sleeper in the sixth, Marshmueller, at 10-1. Marc Shonley was the trainer, and an apprentice, Fain Gurney, a two-bug boy, was up, his only ride for the day. He had won only five races, but Vernal told me to watch him. I had—in more ways than one. At the paddock, the horse looked ready to gallop through Troy, and Gurney might have just stepped from Jove's shower.

"Finger-lickin' good," someone yelled, pointing to Gurney, who had worked at Kentucky Fried Chicken before he became

Race tracks attract macho men like ballet draws nellies. I've spent plenty of time at the races and there's one thing I've noticed about horse folks: they have inches over ordinary men. The five biggest dicks I've ever seen were at race tracks.

a jock.

I planned to bet a hundred on the nose and a hundred to place, but just before the post parade the track vet, for no given reason, scratched Gurney's horse. I had nothing to do for the rest of the program. I watched for a while, then headed for the john. A few minutes later, Fain Gurney entered. He was half-hidden by taller men, but his red street shirt stood out.

Most jocks, tender about their height, go to the stalls. But Fain—all four feet, nine inches of him—stood before a urinal and pulled out the sweetest little peter I'd ever seen—a clean mushroom cap and three inches of stalk with blond hair haloing it.

I hogged a urinal next to him, and while the losers spat and groaned against fate, I charmed my cock into rising to its full nine-inch splendor. Then I stood back to give him a better view. "Too bad about your horse," I said.

He shook his head and jacked his dick slowly while he looked wet-mouthed at mine. I nodded my head toward the last stall. He was too frightened. His right hand bunched his balls and his pole, and he shot four snow-white squirts into the urinal. I would have shot too, but the jockey fled, half-buttoned.

I watched the rest of the races, then with my press pass I went to shed row, my favorite part of the track. I talked to grooms, mostly. No one ever volunteered a fix, but I always learned something: that such a horse was rank, another ready; that such and such a trainer was too high, another too low. I once worked on a horse farm, so I know how to talk to these fellow dreamers. I have lent some of them money. What I've lost in bad debts I've made up for in what they've told me.

"Su Chew's comin' round," one groom said.

"Tally-ho's ready to pop," said another.

I had featured both these boys in a syndicated article called "Sleeping with Horses."

I took booze to the Hacienda Motel, and a "dress for the baby"—a pair of sleek panties which he liked to wear at fuck time. He was afraid to keep them himself, in rented quarters, so I had a briefcase brimming with them. Today it was black satin with red hearts.

Vernal was shy away from the track. He thought himself not handsome and not sexy, but to me he was Clint Eastwood's younger brother.

When I got there, he was high on something and ready. After a heavy belt of bourbon, I undressed in the bathroom to give him the privacy he liked when he put the panties on.

I came out stroking my hard-on and asking if his pussy was wet. I straddled his head to let him lick my sweaty balls and dick. "Slick up that hammer," I told him, "or you'll get a dry fuck."

His big dick pulsed behind the black panties, but I knew not to touch it. He didn't like to have his tits sucked either. Eyes closed, he nibbled me to within a centimeter of coming, then pulled back for kissing. A groom once told me I had the longest tongue outside the reptile kingdom. Vernal liked to think of his mouth as a pussy, my tongue as a cock. He liked me to tell him how hot and slick that pussy was.

When he closed his mouth, it was time for fucking the "back" pussy—his booty. To drown out the noise, he turned up the radio. He lay on his belly, a pillow just below his navel. He raised his butt—time for me to lick satin, to wet the back of his panties so the fabric would take an incisor. A rip. Then slowly, while I talked dirty, I ate a hole out.

"That pussy's gonna get it now," I growled.

He pried his ass cheeks apart, the crack still red from yesterday's fucking, the sphincter practicing constrictions. And oh, what squeezings he could give! The constant pounding of that butt on the rumps of horses had put muscles where muscles were not known to be. You put a finger up his booty and he could make that finger hurt.

"Loosen that cunt up," I said. "And keep it loose till I get in.

He did, and I rode him easy.

"I'm gonna shoot a pint of hot cum up you," I said. "I'm gonna grease your cunt slick. You're gonna hafta wear a fucking Kotex. You're gonna drip cum. Other jocks are gonna say you got the goddamn rag on."

He raised his butt high for the final pounding, lowered it for my gurgle and my licking of his back.

We cuddled, watched TV, drank, and laughed. He'd tell me if he had anything good going the next day.

"Marc Shonley's got one in the seventh," he said. "Sandstone Sally."

Continued to page 68

Jimmy's cock was like the rest of him—glowing, smooth, taut, and alive. Writhing now, Jimmy begged me to eat him. The tip slid easily into my mouth. My lips inched down until my nose was buried against the large testicles.

Naked, he was even more stunning. His sharply defined muscles rippled and glistened. From the top of my dresser, he got my red sweatband and put it around his sable hair. Around his bulging biceps, he clamped two copper bracelets I sometimes wore to parties.

He danced over to the bed and stood beside me. He made his pecs dance to the rhythm of the music, then made his stomach rotate; the chiseled muscles rippled like an accordion, and his cock flipped up and down to the beat. I watched it filling up, growing thicker and longer, and slowly rising.

Jimmy stopped his clowning and climbed into bed beside me. He didn't pull the covers over himself. He was proud of his body and eager for me to give it my worshipful attention. He put his big arms around me and pulled me into a deep kiss. He tasted like a man—mellow, smoky, sweet.

I pulled out of the kiss and, in fascination, I watched his stomach muscles dance as his breathing quickened. In and out it went, his button-shaped navel protruding slightly. I licked my way from his stomach to the smooth pubic area, which Jimmy kept cleanly shaven. I rolled down the thick foreskin, and the rosy tip slipped out. The slit was already slightly parted, and strands of clear honey trickled over my fingers.

Writhing now, Jimmy begged me to eat him. The tip slid easily into my mouth. My lips inched down until my nose was buried against the large testicles, which I squeezed until they bulged out like rubbery plums. His sperm blew out unexpectedly—clean, creamy, and warm. Then, at my request, he turned over so I could bury my face between twin pillows of tawny flesh. I pushed my tongue in deep.

My Indian lover whimpered and writhed on the pink sheets. And beneath my chin, I felt his genitals stirring and puffing up again. Jimmy wanted me to suck him "just like before," and this time it was even better. He was not one to complain about the slightest nibble or playful bite. I pulled, twisted, gnawed, and nipped—Jimmy loved it. Nothing was too rough for him.

We took a brief break after his second abundant ejaculation. Then he climbed on top of me, pulled my legs around his waist, and began entering me. He didn't need any lubricant; his penis was producing plenty of its own. It made squishy sounds with each lunge.

Whenever we rested, Jimmy would hold me close and tell me that he really loved me, that he wasn't just providing stud services to pay for his room and board.

"I've always liked little guys," he whispered, kissing me and rubbing his penis against my thigh, "little guys with gold curls and big blue eyes."

Later, as dawn began to spill into the room, he locked his arms around me. "You ain't going to the office," he said. "You're staying home today and maybe tomorrow. That job ain't worth it."

And so, with my telephone off the hook, I spent two whole days in a world whose sole inhabitants were Jimmy Torres and me. During that time Jimmy proved himself not only a wonderful lover but a delightful roommate as well. I loved watching his back and chest ripple as he repaired a broken water pipe, put in some bookshelves, fixed my lock, hung a ceiling lamp, and did all kinds of things I had put off. On the second evening, he made me some of his special "Injun" chili. Perhaps it tasted so delicious because he had poured in nearly a pint of tequila.

That night, as he pushed his cock up into me, I whispered, "Jimmy, you've made me forget about that nightmare with those punks."

"Don't think you've heard the last of them. Those guys will never rest until they've had revenge."

He knew what he was talking about. The next morning we received a visit from the Atlanta police. We were wanted for questioning. Warrants were being prepared against us on charges of assault with intent to kill. Our victims? The four louts who had tried to kill me.

Detective Johnson leaned back in his chair, his stomach bulging over his white belt and blue double-knit pants. "These kids swear that you two attacked them for no reason and tried to kill them. Whataya say?"

I was used to hearing outrageous lies in the courtroom, but this was so outlandish I was too stunned to say anything.

But not Jimmy. "Those four pricks tried to kill Jason here! If I hadn't come by, they would have!"

The detective studied a miniature baseball trophy and acted like he was listening to the weather report. Then he showed us snapshots taken by parents of the "victims." Jimmy and I howled with laughter. With bandages covering their faces and their arms in slings, they looked like casualties in a Rambo movie.

"You like to kill, don't you, Johnny Torres?" Detective Johnson asked slyly.

Before Jimmy could explode, I remembered a scandal that had been hushed up by the department and which the newspapers had hinted at. "Somebody in your department likes to kill, too, Detective Johnson," I drawled. "Remember the young black boy who was beaten to death by two of your men?"

"Get the fuck outta here."

Attorneys for both sides finally settled on a rotten deal which was the best we could get. The punks would drop charges if Jimmy and I would. We had fought to bring the case to court, but we were eventually persuaded that Jimmy would come out the loser. He was a convicted murderer, and the jury would be much more sympathetic to four, young white guys than to an Indian killer.

I quit my job as planned and found a good position as a counselor at a nearby college. Jimmy got work with a construction crew working right near my apartment—*our* apartment. Yes, we were building a life.

But the police seemed to have it in for us. Every time there was a break-in or any kind of crime committed near our apartment, Jimmy would be hauled in for questioning. The cops took particular pleasure from going to Jimmy's place of work and pushing

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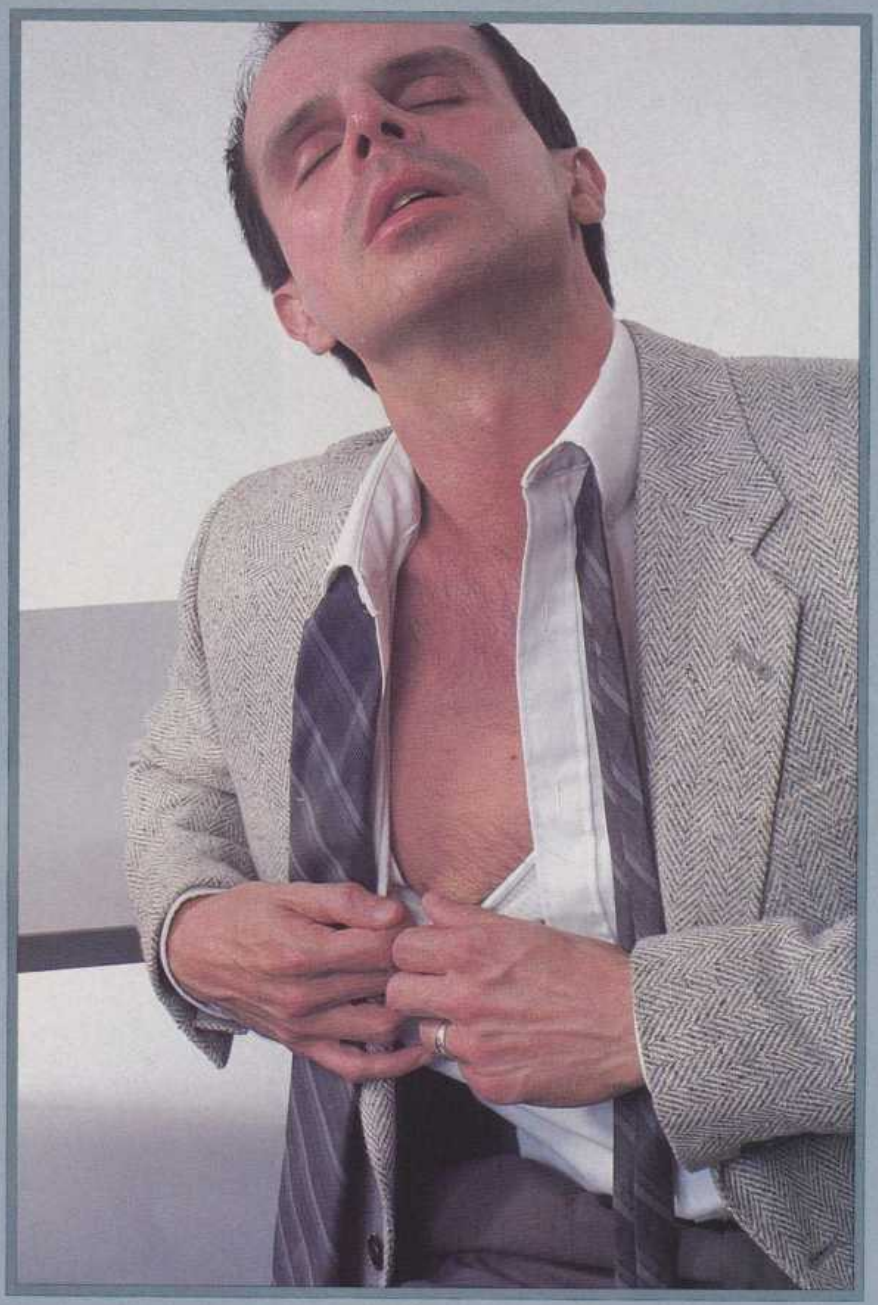
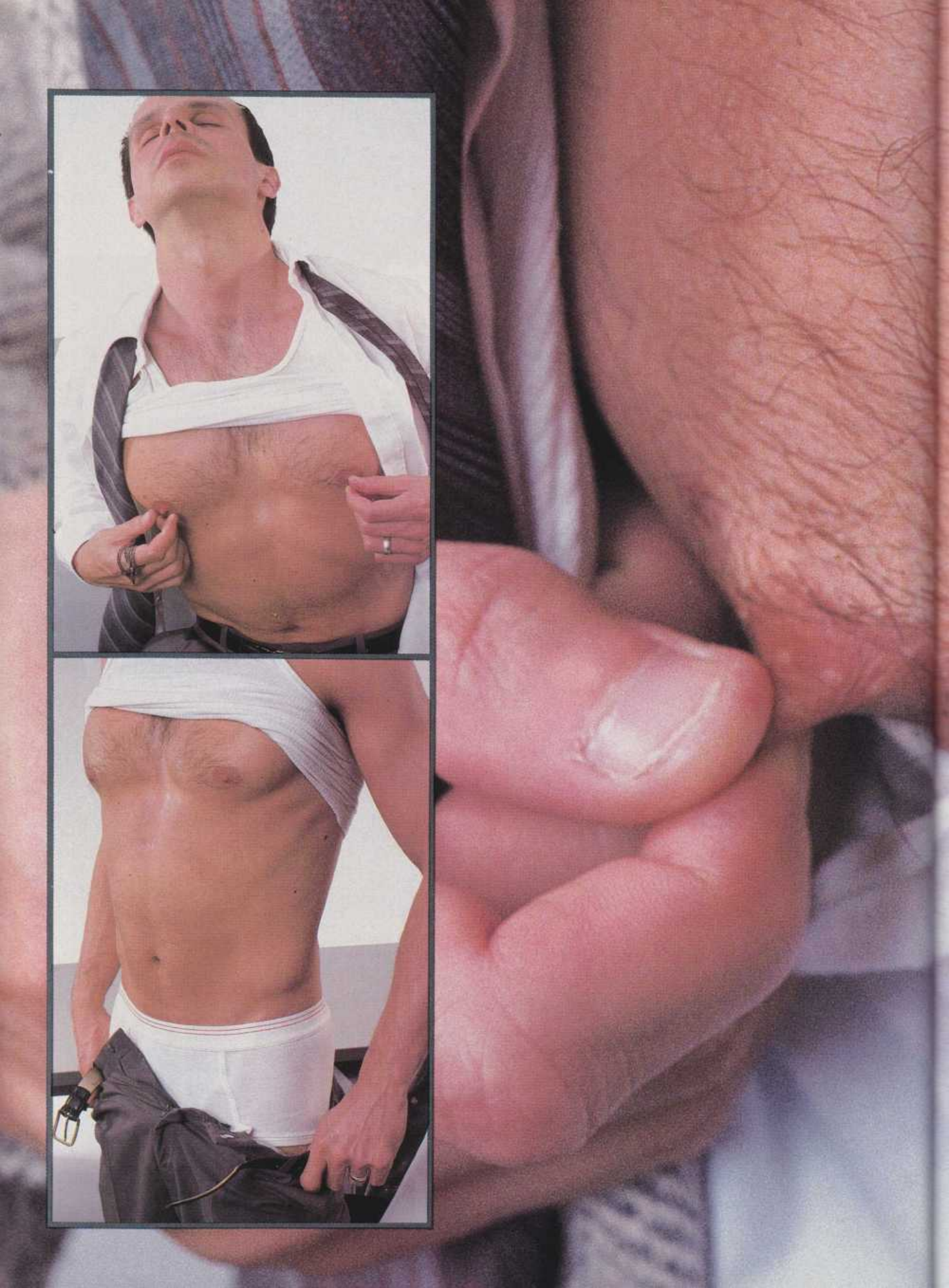


AN OFFICE AND A **GENTLEMAN**

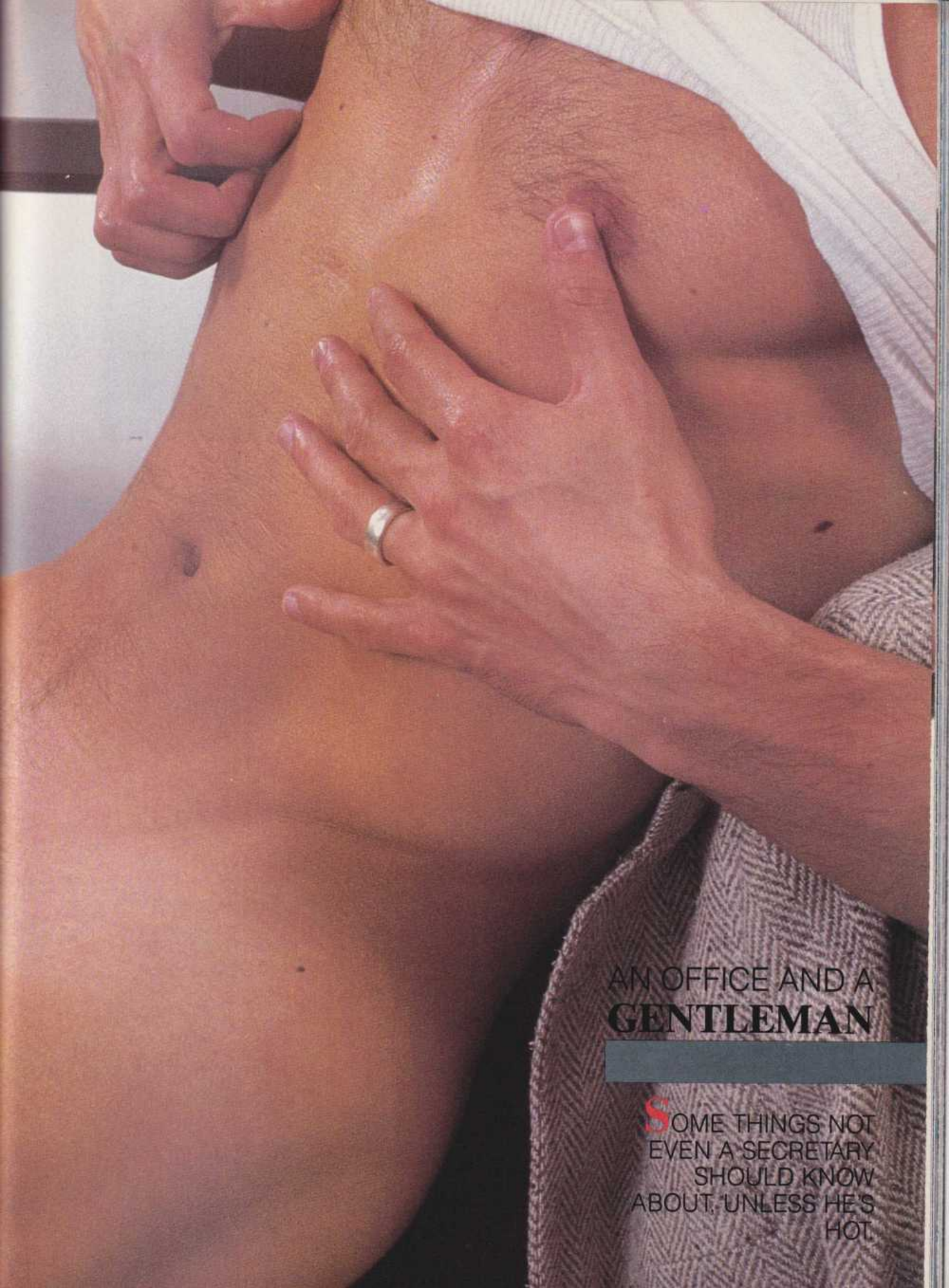
HE COULDN'T WAIT TO GET HIS OWN OFFICE. HE ENJOYS WORKING ALONE.

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAAKKVE



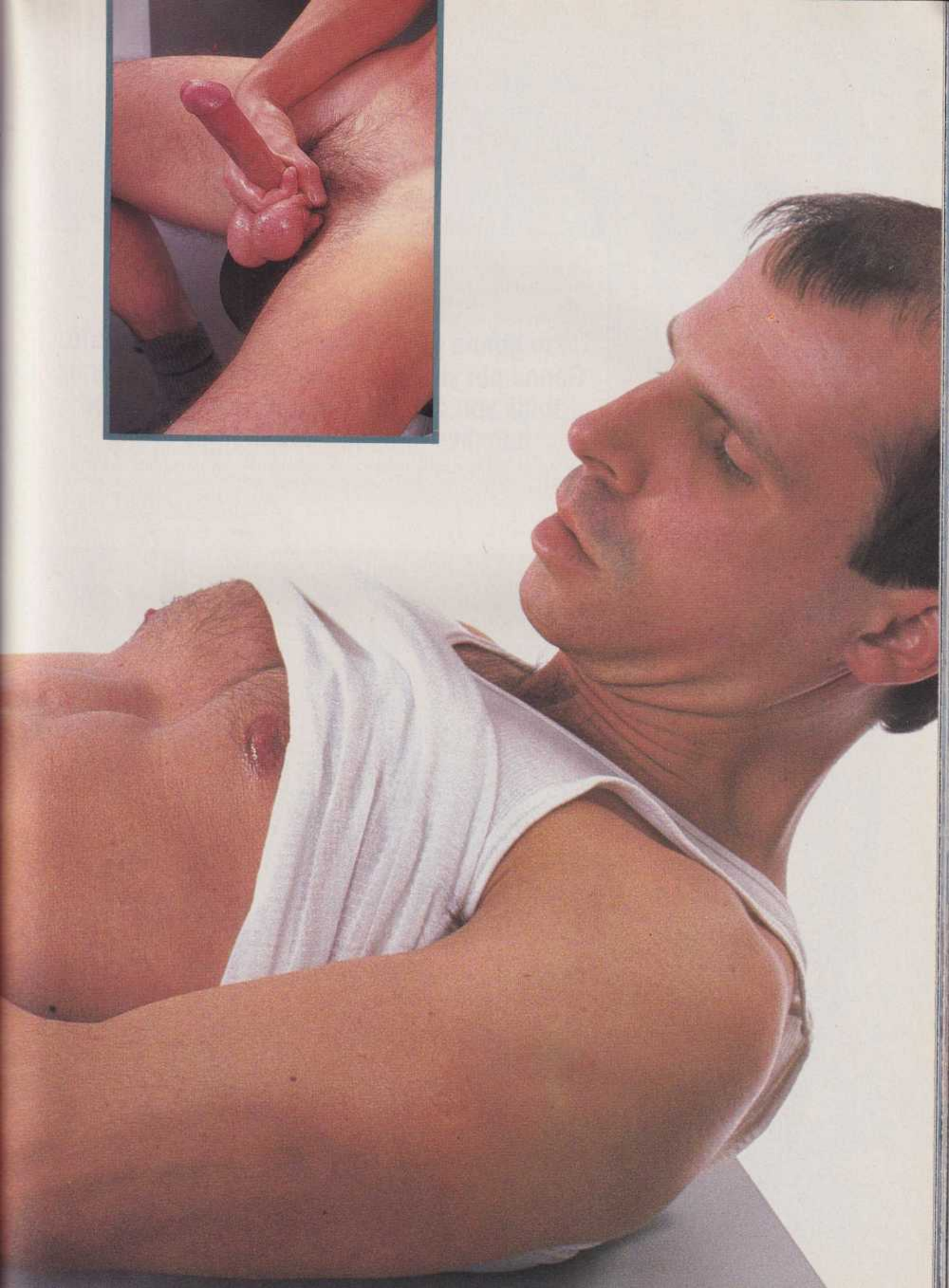
AN OFFICE AND A GENTLEMAN

HE PUSHED HIMSELF HARD TO EARN THIS PROMOTION. HE'S GOING TO ENJOY HIS PRIVACY.



AN OFFICE AND A **GENTLEMAN**

SOME THINGS NOT EVEN A SECRETARY SHOULD KNOW ABOUT. UNLESS HE'S HOT.



"I'm gonna give you some oil for your saddle. Gonna put your ass in overdrive. Horses gonna think you got fire in your crack." Five good hunches into him, and the guy came.

RIDE ME, JOCKEY!

Continued from page 57

"Who's up on him?"

"That apprentice—Fain," he said.

"Marc Shonley's not fucking him?"

The rumor was that Shonley never gave a mount to a boy he wasn't screwing.

"Not yet," Vernal said.

"Hell, he'd kill that boy."

"Grand Central Maiden in the third," he said, changing the subject.

"What about your mounts?"

"Wind-suckers, all," he said. He gave me 400 to play on those he'd mentioned. "Unless I give the sign." The sign was scratching his right knee with the head of his riding crop, anytime before the next betting race.

There was no scratching of the knee for the third race, and Grand Pleasure placed, beaten by a hair. We doubled our money, on place tickets.

There was no knee for the seventh—just Marc Shonley, his cock and balls swelling his jeans, his fat wife petting the filly's mane, and Fain Gurney clucking to his mount.

I was standing near the rail as he guided the filly onto the track. I thought he noticed me. I wanted to yell out, "Same time, same place," but I cupped my groin and watched him and Sally become one in the lope to the backstretch.

The filly was 8-1, a minute to post. At post, 2-1. She won, by seven lengths, and that little purple-dressed Cupid smiled all the way home.

After I collected, I waited near the john in case Fain came back. After the eighth race he showed up. The same urinal. I took mine. His dick was already hard, and mine started swelling.

"Back booth," I whispered.

He didn't move. Not even when we were the only ones left at the urinals.

"Best damn ride I've seen this meet," I said, low. "You've got it, man. Got the saddle. The crouch. Got the pace. Got—"

He took my dick in his free hand, worked it close to eruption. When it started gushing, he craned his neck to see my cum drip down the porcelain. I thought he was going to mouth my dickhead, but a daddy with a screaming brat came into the john.

"Now, you pee or I'm gonna cream ya," the daddy said.

Fain darted out.

I leaned into the urinal and closed my eyes and lectured myself against falling in love. I had vowed never to let emotion rule my summers. I had sworn that logic and reason would prevail. Now my heart was

pumping double for a boy I'd probably never talk to, except over the half-moon of a urinal.

That night my fucking had little juice in it.

"You tired?" Vernal asked.

"Skittish," I said.

A week passed. Each day, usually after the seventh, I had a jack-off session with Fain in the john, never in the privacy of a booth. At night at the Hacienda, during a half-hearted fuck with Vernal, I'd close my eyes and see the apple butt of Fain. In my room I'd work on the form, my racing manuals, my desk computer. In bed, I'd dream of Fain and wake myself with hard-ons in honor of his eyes.

I wondered how much longer I could keep faking it with Vernal. After one particularly dull fuck, he announced that he was going to have a surprise for me the next night. He wouldn't tell me who the third man would be.

The next day I lost 500 bucks. The only winner was Fain, which gave him enough courage to follow me into a booth. I sat on the toilet and took his dick and balls and the day's crop of sweat into my mouth. He shot too soon, and though his taut little butt tried to back away, I held him and sucked calf-fashion until I shot a white circle on the floor.

"Tomorrow," I said and pointed to our booth.

"After the fourth," he whispered.

I waited until he'd darted out of the john. I eased out of the booth and looked in the mirror at the silly lover's grin on my face.

After the ninth, I tried to walk off my love along shed row. Grooms gave me plenty of news on sore horses, not much on fit ones.

For the first time, I arrived late at Vernal's. Had I known the "surprise" I wouldn't have, for there sat Fain Gurney, in tight Levi's and a T-shirt that read "I'm Little But I'm Loud." He blushed and sputtered when Vernal introduced us. And Vernal, himself no talk-show host, had to do the yakking—the day's races relived, the chances (slim) for tomorrow.

Fain and I chugged bourbon to get over the skitters, played eyesies over the rims of our glasses.

"I've sweated all fucking day," I finally said. "Can I use your shower?"

Vernal coughed cigarette smoke and nodded.

I came out of the bathroom complaining of the cold water. "Cause a man to lose half of what he's got," I said, pinching my shriveled cock.

"You have enough to go around," Vernal said. "Ain't he, Fain?"

I winked at Fain and then straddled Vernal's head. Fain pulled his shirt off.

"Tongue those balls," I said to Vernal.

Fain pulled his pants off. Under his jockey shorts, his dick was at attention.

"Swab that cock hair," I said. "Get it between your teeth."

Fain pulled his shorts off.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw that beautifully proportioned dick bob in the room's dim light. I motioned the jockey to the bed, his young thighs to my neck, while Vernal moved down to bathe my balls and inner thighs.

I took the little head into my mouth, wallowed it around the way you would a jaw-breaker. I lifted him slightly and took the balls with the cock. My tongue caught the lip of his butthole.

The jockey shot before I wanted him to, but within minutes he was stone-hard again. Vernal took him this time, while Fain gagged on my dick.

"Little at a time," I told him.

He licked the head, ran his tongue up and down the shaft, slobbered the balls up good, sniffed the bridge between them and my butthole.

I was ready to shoot, but Vernal rolled off to say, "Fuck him. Give him a real ride."

"Can you take it?" I asked.

Fain nodded without turning over. "The cook at the Kentucky Fry? He had a dick as big as yours."

I pulled him into position, watched his smooth butt ring pull in, out. Vernal guided my dickhead to the pucker, watched it enter, inch by inch. He stuck his head underneath to take Fain's peter and balls again.

"I'm gonna give you some oil for your saddle," I said. "Gonna put your ass in overdrive. Horses gonna think you got fire in your crack."

Five good hunches into him, and the guy came. A little fit of trembling and that little butt closed in. He wasn't worn out, though. He pushed and squeezed and reached a hand back to coddle my balls.

Vernal crawled out to watch the last of my fit: stomach muscles in a spasm, ass cheeks pushing, plowing, and me shouting, "Swe-e-e-e-et Jesus!" As he watched he beat himself to explosion.

Fain stayed nude for our little party afterwards: Bourbon, more track talk.

"Yo Yo Ya's gonna win tomorrow," Fain said. "Wisht I was up."

Vernal thought one of his mounts—Cincy Sid—would do it. "And Shonley's filly—Wedding Shoe—she's gonna get some of the money."

"Who's riding?" I asked.

"Grant Lopez," said Fain.

"Is Shonley fucking him?" I asked. (Grant was one hunk—120 pounds and still able to get mounts.)

Vernal coughed. Fain blushed but said nothing.

Vernal and I gave Fain a good-night tonguing. He gurgled loud when he shot, as if his voice had just that minute changed.

Later that night, Vernal called to tell me to bet Yo Yo Ya, Cincy Sid, and Wedding Shoe—$1,200.00 for him. (Which meant I'd have to go to the bank.) "And I got a *double* surprise for tomorrow," he said.

The next day, I stood at the paddock fence to watch every move Fain made—in his three mounts. My groin gnawing, I waited near the john. Thirty minutes after his last race, he marched in and took the back booth. I followed. Sucked him. Fucked him.

I licked the rosettes of his tits and asked if he'd be at Vernal's, but he lifted a finger to his lips.

"I can pick you up," I said, "give you a ride."

He buttoned up. Peeped out the door. Ran.

Yo Yo Ya won ($12.40). Cincy Sid was dead last. Wedding Shoe showed ($4.20), but Vernal and I only had her to win and place.

Late afternoon, I interviewed three women trainers (all dykes) for an article I was doing. Then I went to Vernal's. And, yes, stripped to his shorts, reared back in a chair was Fain Gurney, grinning and slapping giddy-up to his thighs.

We smoked some strong pot and then Fain went to the john. I settled up with Vernal, both of us winners by a hair. He wouldn't say who the fourth would be.

I watched Fain and felt my hard-on growing.

The knock on the door was loud, frantic. We all jumped.

Vernal looked through the peephole. He nodded to us and opened the door for Marc Shonley, drunk but nervous as a criminal.

Shonley chain-latched the door, took the phone off the hook, and peeped out the drawn drapes before he would sit down for two heavy bourbons and furtive glances at Fain in a chair and me on the floor beside him.

"Where've I seen you?" he asked me, but Fain thought the question was for him and announced he'd ridden one of Shonley's winners.

"You," he said and pointed to me sprawled against Fain's chair.

"The john," I said. "Three years I've watched your donkey dick."

Shonley grinned, started undoing his belt. Vernal helped him pull out the huge cock swelling under denim.

"You sure he ain't with Louise?" Marc said as he staggered towards me.

"Louise who?" Fain asked.

"His wife," I said. I pulled Fain down to me. We kissed and would have rolled giggling under the bed, had there been enough space.

Shonley swung his slab of meat around.

"You queers want a taste?" he asked.

"Hell, that ain't no dick," Fain said. "It's a growth."

I bit a laugh from my lips as Shonley frowned.

Vernal wanted a helping of that tube of meat. He stretched his lips out of shape to try to take the head and upper shaft. When he couldn't Shonley motioned for me and the boy.

Fain waited for my nod. He fondled one of the grapefruit balls, I the other, while Shonley and Vernal jacked four-handed at the monster.

"Spread the cheeks on that little jock," Shonley said to me. "Hold his legs high up so's I can aim home."

I dropped the nut as if it were on fire.

"I ain't gonna be split open," Fain said. He rolled his green eyes and I kissed the lashes.

"See if I give you any mounts," Shonley said.

"Hell, I'll go back to Kentucky Fried," Fain said.

I swallowed my laughter in one of his fuzzed armpits.

"*You* then," Shonley said to me.

"Not for a sure thing in the Ohio Derby," I said.

Vernal rolled over. I wondered whether for mounts or for torture. Vernal didn't say peep, didn't move, just pulled his shorts down in back and let that huge cock divide the melons of his ass.

Fain and I played Young Love in the corner, watching from afar.

"Puss-cunt," Marc said, but for whom we didn't know. "Goddamn slits." Once he'd caught and held a steady rhythm, he pointed to my dick and then to his ass.

I pretended I didn't recognize the invitation. Fain rolled under me and play-snored.

"Some goddamn party," Shonley said. "Punk-head pussies."

I held Fain's head in my lap, bent down to breathe into his thick eyelashes, into his nostrils.

"Goddamn cum-suckin', ass-sniffin'. . ."

Fain broke out in stitches, which I smothered with my mouth.

"Goddamn. . ."

Vernal motioned for me to turn up the radio.

Shonley bull-snorted when he shot. And he jerked his dick out so fast Vernal doubled up in pain.

Shonley was into his clothes and out of the room in seconds. "Goddamn," he said from the door, but I shut it on his other words.

Vernal bounded for the bathroom, stayed a long time. Fain started getting dressed.

"You all right?" I asked Vernal when he came back into the room.

"Get the fuck out," he said. "You and the little whore."

I did, and I took Fain home with me. He told me he had been making it with Vernal since early March. "Why's he so mean now?" he asked.

"He knows I'm in love with you," I said.

Fain blushed. Smiled. Pawed the floorboard. "I reckon I might be in love too," he said.

"Who with?" I asked. His green eyes told me what I wanted to be told.

Gambling luck seemed to be leaving me, but I stayed on until the summer meet was over. Sold a few pieces to a racing magazine. One to a national rag.

Fain lost his second apprentice bug, though he never got to ride another Shonley horse.

We were inseparable. Ostensibly I was his "agent," but the other jocks got wind and teased us.

Vernal wouldn't speak to either of us. And someone must have badmouthed Fain to trainers, for the rides got fewer and fewer.

Luck was no better at Latonia, winter meet. Fain came to live with me in central Kentucky. He got another job—head fryer in one of the Colonel's outlets. I finished my graduate degree and took a job on a horse magazine.

It's been two years now. We go to the races when we can. Fain swears he's going to lose the 25 pounds he's gained. "Gonna be the next Willy Shoemaker someday," he says. And maybe he could have, had he not been blackballed.

Vernal rides in Chicago now. He was third in races won last year. Fain and I sent him a card of congratulations and, to our surprise, he wrote back. Told us to look him up if we ever got to the Windy City. He enclosed a newspaper clipping of him on his first $100,000.00 winner.

Marc Shonley made the papers, too. His wife shot and killed him and Grant Lopez. The papers gave no reasons, though "Mr. Shonley and Mr. Lopez were found nude on the floor of a room at the Hacienda, a motel near Cincinnati." Mrs. Shonley was released on bond to receive psychiatric evaluation.

This summer Fain and I are going out West for a vacation. (He'll have to give up his job, but he says there'll always be a place for him, "long as chickens squawk.") We want to try our luck at the bull rings. Maybe Ruiodosa Downs.

"Some trainer'll take me on," Fain says, those green eyes sparkling with dreams.

"I'll stick to you like that grease you fry in."

"Hell, I ain't gone leave *you*," he says. "My agent."

He takes his sculpted dick between thumb and first finger. "Tell me," he says, "'bout that time on Sandstone Sally."

I say, "The boy comes out, his butt tight in the saddle. He teases the crowd by lifting it—air to breathe—and Sandstone Sally snorts, breathes the fire that's in her lungs, her heart. The boy drops his crack back to the saddle. Keeps it tight until the gate opens: they're off! Filly and boy ride space and time, in sand and breeze—and they go, they go, widening the lead, widening, widening. . ."

I catch his load in my hand. Bite his ear. Whinny. Nudge my nose toward those busy eyelashes. ■

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Macho Dildo Threeway

Continued from page 12

ly inserted it in Manuel's ass. He made no effort to resist. When I had it halfway in, he cried, "Mas, man, mas." I shoved it all the way in.

"Shoot your wad on my dick," Hector shouted to Manuel.

They shot their loads at the same time, their fat cocks straining together as they spurted thick wads of cream between their stomachs. I finally shot my own wad all over Manuel's back.

"Jesus," Hector exclaimed, "the son of a bitch has drained my balls." He looked at his watch. "Hey, cavron," he said to Manuel. "We better get going. It's late."

But Manuel wanted to stay. The sex-crazed Latino still wasn't satisfied and was ready to go yet another round with me. "Hell, I got enough leche in my pelotas to fuck this gringo for a week."

"C'mon, man," Hector growled. "My old lady's gonna give me hell, and you got a date with Consuela. You better save some for her, or she'll know you've been fucking around tonight."

While Manuel reluctantly put on his clothes, I gave Hector's balls a playful squeeze. The affectionate Latino returned my gesture with a friendly bear hug.

"The next time you guys drop by, use the front door," I said jokingly.

"Okay, man," Hector laughed.

Manuel shook my hand and said, "Hasta luego, amigo."

After they left, I went out and sat on the front porch to watch the sunset. It had been a great afternoon, but now it was over. I hated that. Their work done, Hector and Manuel would not be back. For me, our encounter had been a fantasy come to life. For them? Just something that happened—once.

Then I remembered the lusty look in their sparkling Mexican eyes just before they left. And I remembered Manuel's parting words. And I translated them: "Until the next time."

And I couldn't help smiling. ■

PRISON RULES

Continued from page 60

him into a police car in front of the other men.

At my new job, some of the college officials began questioning me about my "sexual proclivities," a subject I told them was none of their business. A group of students, all of them born-again Christians, objected to my presence, and one of them, furious because I rejected *his* sexual advances, reported to the school authorities that I had tried to attack him.

Jimmy had managed to hold his temper through all the humiliations the cops subjected him to. But when it came to my suffering, he just couldn't take it. He tracked down my hypocritical accuser and beat him to a bloody pulp. It made the papers. It got me fired. It got Jimmy back in prison.

So now the world is safe again for the innocent young fag-bashers and the good-ole-boy redneck cops and the born-again Christians whose concept of brotherly love has eliminated many of us from the brotherhood. They're all safe because an Indian whose born-again father raped and beat him until he was big enough to fight back has been shown once and for all that the fight is hopeless.

Jimmy is behind bars now. But I'm not. I'm here. And I'm angry. ■

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UNCLE SAM'S MEN

BY MOREY PALM • ART BY PIERCE

When he received his new assignment, Hank knew he could be heading for real trouble. He was about to become a crew member of one of the largest aircraft carriers afloat, which was considered an honor and was most definitely a promotion. But up to nine months at a stretch on the high seas surrounded by almost 2,000 horny hunks was going to be a problem. Hank did not take well to celibacy.

He was well aware that Uncle Sam frowned on hanky-panky among the ranks. And yet throwing that many healthy, red-blooded men together for so long a time without even the privacy for self-gratification seemed a pretty unreliable way to keep things "straight." Unfortunately, it was typical Pentagon reasoning.

His first day on the carrier, Hank made positive eye contact with a hunky fellow technician, a definite "10" who, like Hank, was not wearing a wedding band. Next day, when the guy was assigned the bunk next to Hank's, things really started to look up. Tall, blond, and well built, with a promising bulge in his skivvies, he was definitely Hank's type. His handsome face had a rugged, weathered look, and an unconscious habit of flaring his nostrils made him appear animal-like.

"Welcome to the wonderworld of radar," Hank offered, extending his hand. "Hank Larson."

The new technician accepted it with an almost bashful half-smile that contradicted his initially self-assured manner. "Bud Richmond. Not much privacy around here, huh? I was in electronics before. We had our own rooms."

"Yeah, they tell me nine months of this kind of togetherness can get a little hairy at times."

"I take it this is your first cruise."

"Yeah. And my last. I'm getting out when this one's over."

"My first, too—and I wish to hell it was my last."

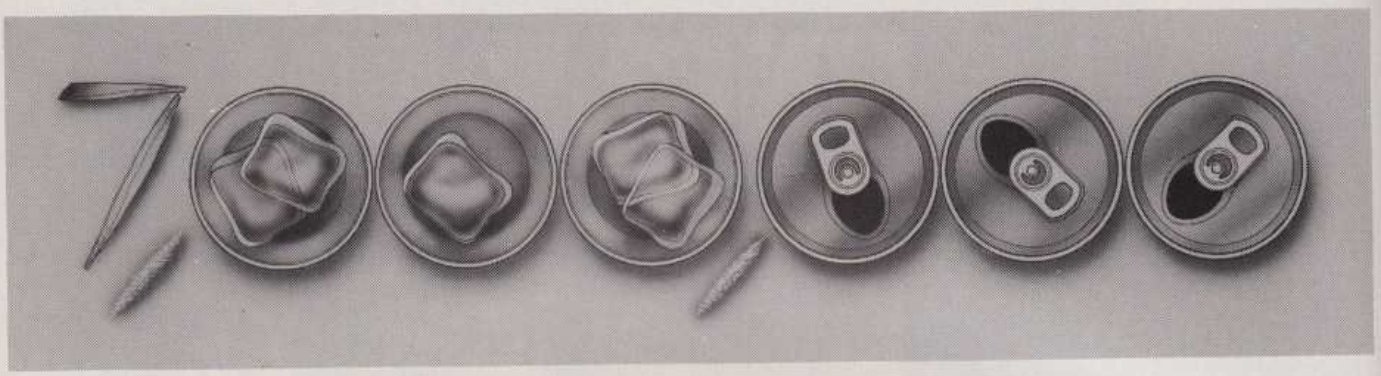
"How much longer is your hitch?"

"Two years."

"Ouch."

After making his bed and checking to be sure it conformed to regulations, the new technician took a small black notebook from his footlocker and disappeared on deck, mumbling something about fresh air. Long after he had left, the image of that tempting bulge and those firm buns remained fixed in Hank's memory. But that first conversation between Hank and Bud was also, for several days, the last.

Bud Richmond kept mostly to himself, communicating with the others only when necessary to the performance of his duties. He chowed down by himself, always with the little black notebook open beside his plate. He declined participation in any of the recreational activities provided to relieve the monotony, and any



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Hank wanted everything to go off without a hitch, but being surrounded by 2,000 of Uncle Sam's horniest, humpiest men was not going to be easy. Hank wanted to take them all on, but sucking off a seaman's rod could be risky, and the last thing Hank wanted was to spend his last cruise locked up in the brig.

congeniality on Hank's part was politely rebuffed by a nod and a mumble whenever they were one-on-one in their sleeping quarters. For Hank, this made the man even more intriguing, and he bided his time.

After several weeks at sea, Hank had grown hypersensitive to what was going on around him after dark. The rustling of blankets, the rhythmic creaking of beds, and the muffled sighs seemed to grow louder each night. All those bastards jacking off in the wee hours, and there was nothing he could do to take advantage. A few of the men began taking showers after everyone else was safely snoring, and some, hiding impatient erections, could be seen sneaking off to the head with tattered glossies. Hank had to content himself with fantasizing about the lifeless form in the next bed while relieving himself of endless loads of sperm.

When it came to daydreaming, he had plenty of material to work with. He'd managed one evening to anticipate Bud's arrival in the shower, and when Bud ambled in, Hank got a close-up view of his princely attributes. Bud had lathered himself restlessly, then accidentally made eye contact with Hank and reddened with embarrassment. But in that brief moment Hank had recognized something that even Bud wasn't aware of. There was hope after all.

The next few days were occupied with a simulated attack maneuver, and the entire radar unit was kept on its toes. Everyone was given point ratings, and Hank came out first, with Bud a close second. That finally broke the ice and established a rapport between them.

Hank discovered that underneath his bunkmate's apparent aloofness was genuine bashfulness, probably due to Bud's aspirations. The little black notebook, his constant companion, contained verse sketches. Bud wanted, of all things, to become a poet. Hank found this out one evening while they were watching a school of dolphins who had been following the carrier for days.

"Sonofabitch," Bud sighed, "I'd give my balls to be inside one of those guys long enough to know what they're thinking—a whole new outlook on things to write about."

"You write?"

Bud nodded and then spoke tentatively. "Mostly poems. I keep it quiet so the other guys can't rib my ass off." He waved his black notebook but, volunteering no more, returned to brooding over the dophins.

The next evening, Bud pointed to one of the creatures, which he had nicknamed Spot. It was hovering close, leaping with sheer glee in large arcs, laughing and splashing about playfully.

"Reminds me of a big 4-H hog I raised back on the farm," Bud confided. "That old sow used to give me the same sort of friendly grin."

"You're from farm country?"

"Not any longer. We had one of those farms you heard about going under. Seems to me these dolphins could do a better job of running the government—the sons of bitches wouldn't even help bail my folks out."

Bud was so bitter and so remorseful, and Hank was convinced that the spotted ocean mammal was empathizing with him. It gave a series of those eerie, high-pitched sounds before rejoining the others.

That evening in bed, Hank recognized an almost imperceptible rustling of Bud's covers. As the rhythm gradually accelerated, Hank became rock-hard himself from listening. God, did he ever want to reach his hand under the covers of that other bed and wrap them around Bud's long dick. He could tell when Bud was about to come. All inhibitions disappeared and the bed shook violently, then stopped abruptly. Hank pleasured his own hard-on and imagined his mouth overflowing with the load he knew was creaming in Bud's hand. After his orgasm, Hank heard a loud sigh as Bud instantly sank into a deep sleep.

Several nights later Hank heard the same sounds. This time, they stopped suddenly and Hank saw Bud creeping stealthily from his bed. The dim light at the exit showed Bud wearing white jockey shorts. His erection was so large that the mushroom head bulged over the top. Every pore of Hank's tense body screamed to follow him to the showers, but the time wasn't ripe yet. Once more, Hank gratified himself while fantasizing what it would be like taking a shower with Bud, their bodies slicked with suds, their throbbing erections rubbing between warm bellies.

One evening when Bud had night duty in radar, Hank was feeling lonely, despondent, and ready to suck anything that moved—he wanted a hard dick that much. At least he *thought* that sexual deprivation was the cause of the unbearably empty feeling gnawing at his insides. On his way to the showers he met up with Ned, another technician who had been blatantly cruising Hank for weeks. This time Hank returned Ned's wink and suggestive stare in kind, wondering as he did so why he had resisted until now.

By the time Ned finished soaping, his dick was erect and throbbing. Hank's own hunk of manliness responded immediately, and he nodded for Ned to join him. Hands trembling with expectation, Ned grabbed Hank's long shaft and stroked it lovingly while Hank grasped Ned's eager dick. Damn, it felt good just feeling it, Hank was thinking. He wondered if it was worth taking a chance tasting it. If anyone popped in, there could be serious trouble.

"I know a real private place on deck," Ned whispered. "I've taken several tricks there."

"No point rushing things. I'll take a rain-check," Hank replied, surprising himself, puzzling himself. He went to bed feeling more despondent than ever.

The dolphins persisted in following the carrier, and out of sheer boredom the en-

Bud was the kind of guy Hank hungered for. The new technician turned more than a few heads. Little did Bud know that Hank kept following him into the john and watching him stroke his big, powerful dick. Hank couldn't resist any longer; as soon as he heard Bud heading for the can, Hank went after the man he wanted.

tire crew tried to make friends with them. When not on duty, the men lined the decks calling and gesticulating to the frisky mammals, who loved being the center of so much attention. More than once while Bud and Hank watched them, Bud would whip out his trusty black notebook to make notations.

"Are you writing about them?" Hank asked.

Bud nodded. "It's going to be a conversational satire. The dolphins are wondering whether they have to survive another atomic war, like the one several thousand years ago that almost wiped them out."

Hank whistled. "That's heavy conversation."

Bud shrugged and said nothing more. But he gave Hank an appreciative smile that, because of rather than in spite of its comradely innocence, sent chills up and down Hank's spine. The aspiring poet was getting to him, really getting to him. And Hank didn't want that. Ever. He'd made a pact with himself a long time ago. There was only one way to preserve that pact with Bud in the picture: push the physical; fuck the emotional.

That evening Bud slipped out for his usual surreptitious trip to the head. Hank knew that Bud had gone to jack off, and he was determined to have the stud regardless of the consequences.

At the entrance to the head, Hank lingered outside to watch from the shadows. At first he thought Bud had gone to sleep. He was stretched out almost prone on a toilet stool, eyes closed, a wistful half-smile on his rugged face. Then Hank's eyes zeroed in on what he had come for, and he saw that Bud was not asleep. His huge dick reared proudly and clear liquid glistened in the light as it oozed from the long, curving slit. Bud's hand was stroking ever so slowly, pushing the fleshy foreskin open and closed over the head. After several strokes, he pressed the shaft against his belly and reached underneath to cup his big, taut balls in his hand. With his other hand, he squeezed his nipples one at a time, then returned to jacking the shaft with that same slow rhythm.

Hank's dick hardened from the heat of his wanting. When he realized that his shadow was showing in the head, he tried to back away without being seen. But Bud noticed the retreating shadow and panicked, grabbing a glossy from the floor to hide his erection. Suddenly Hank relaxed. Throwing all caution to the four winds, he sauntered into the head, his own hard-on every bit the equal of Bud's.

"Mind if I join the fun?" he asked pleasantly, his fist in his shorts wrapped tightly around his own swollen manhood.

"What the hell!" cried Bud. But then he dropped the glossy and went silent.

Hank's eyes became as large as saucers as he stared at the glossy on the toilet floor. It was not a tempting pussy or succulent breasts but an awesome, full-page erection that stared back at him.

"Well, I'll be a sonofabitch. . ." Hank mumbled, and was then overpowered by lust.

He spread Bud's hairy legs and knelt between them to savor what he had craved for so long. He wrapped his hands around the shaft and squeezed, and Bud gave a deep sigh as his dick jerked violently. Hank's tongue swept around the head. It had been weeks; it felt like years. He urged the head into his mouth and dipped his tongue into the slit. Hank sucked deep, energetic strokes, and Bud gritted his teeth to keep from verbalizing his ecstatic pleasure. Each gulp took Bud deeper into Hank's throat, and Bud shoved his crotch to help. When Hank groped for Bud's taut rocks, Bud's legs kicked, and Hank could feel the balls rolling upward to Bud's groin to release their load. Then Bud's body went rigid, followed by intense quivering as his sperm filled Hank's throat and mouth and overflowed his lips. Then Bud's body went limp with exhaustion, but Hank continued sucking until he had swallowed every drop.

"Jeez, Hank, I never fired like that in my entire life," Bud marveled in a loud whisper.

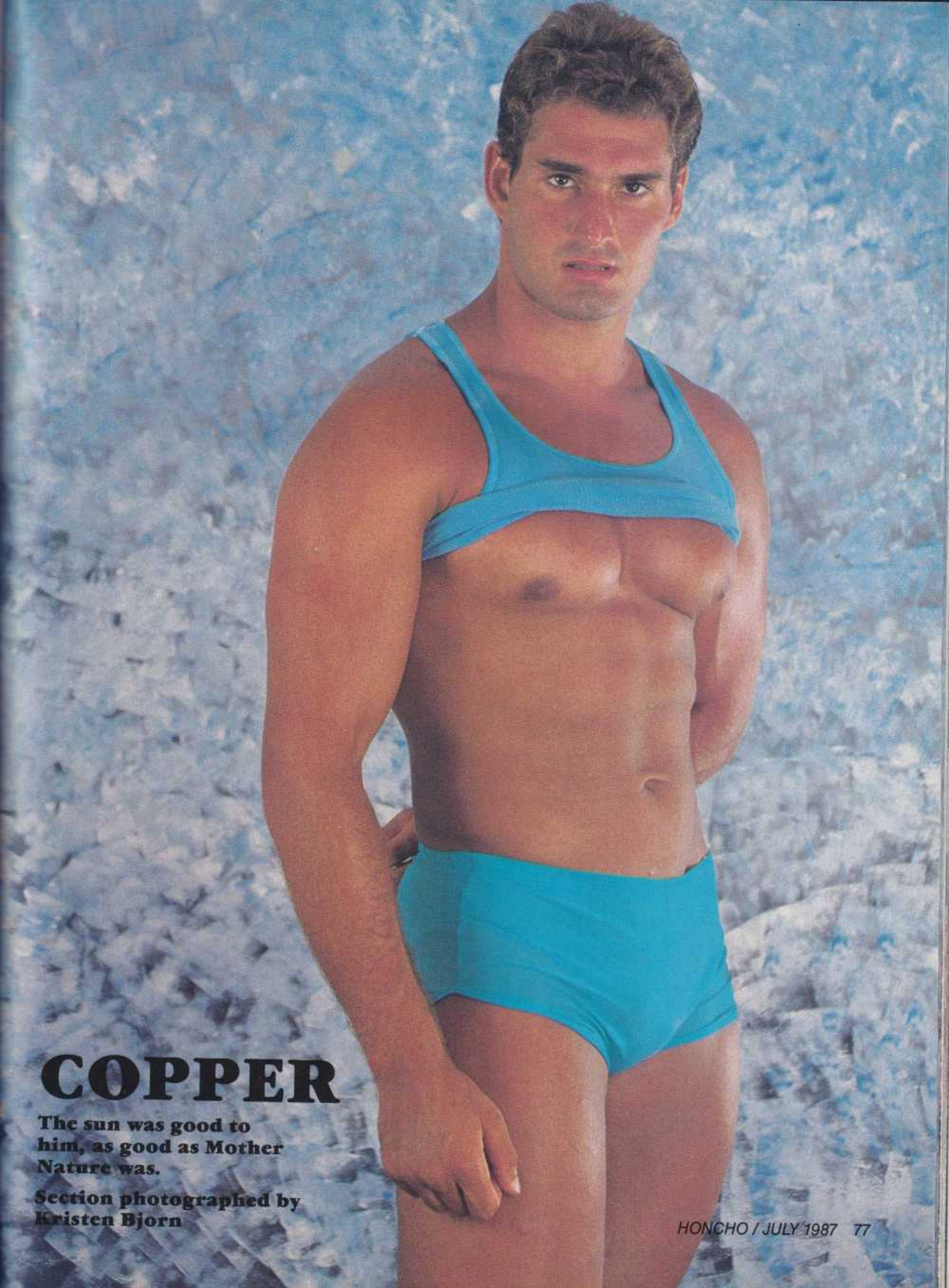
"Save it for a poem," Hank kidded, hot for the same satisfaction he'd given Bud.

Bud grasped Hank's erection and marveled at the iron masculinity waiting for his mouth. With Hank's help, it glided into the depths of his throat, where he let it throb briefly while his hands explored the fleshy expanse of Hank's firm ass. Hank began fucking Bud's mouth with a leisurely rhythm. He wanted it to last forever. But what was *it*? Was it the sex? Was it *just* the great sex? Or was it that and something more, something much more? Bud took Hank's load as eagerly as Hank had savored his. He swallowed Hank's cream in huge gulps, as if he were trying to swallow Hank.

Afterward, they moved quickly to the showers and soaped each other's bodies. They didn't speak. They didn't have to. Perhaps they were afraid to. At least Hank was afraid. Bud, on the other hand, seemed to have lost all his fear, all his tentativeness, because of what was happening between them. And something *was* happening—something Hank had vowed he would never allow into his life, something Bud had feared he would never find.

That night was the beginning of many surreptitious trips to the head after the others were asleep. Both knew they were flirting with disaster, but their need for each other was too powerful to be subdued. Fortunately, by this time most of the others had teamed up platonically or otherwise, and no one paid any attention to Bud and Hank, who, long after the others had grown bored with the carrier's mascots, continued to watch the dolphins.

For the first time in his life, Hank gave in wholeheartedly and actually began planning for the future in terms of Bud. Neither one of them knew what the future would be or how it would be achieved, but each was determined that it would include the other. On that point, they were certain. ■



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The sun was good to him, as good as Mother Nature was.

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn

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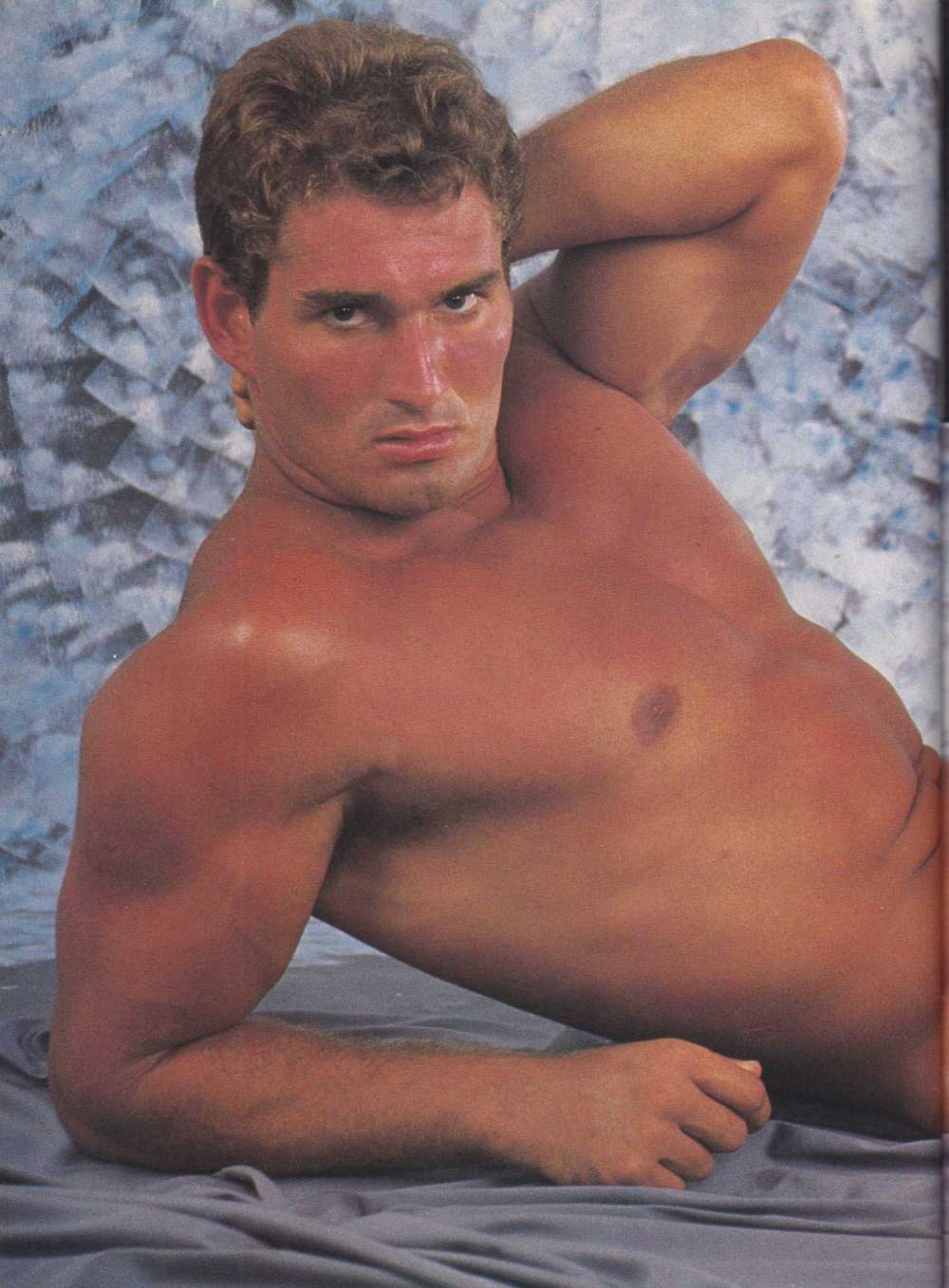
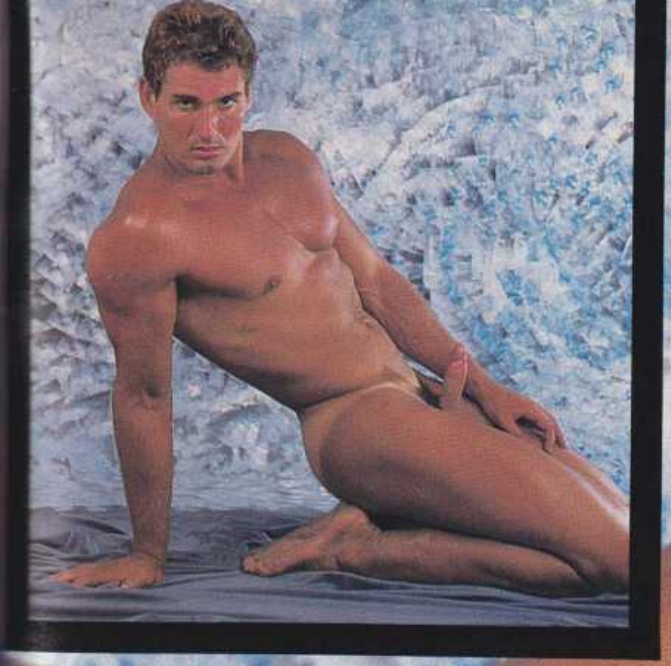
"Dive in," those eyes say.
He's not afraid of
overexposure.

He's copper-bottomed too, and still hot from the sun.





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TOUGH GUYS

Continued from page 40

they kept coming, and coming, and coming. Sam choked and gagged and sputtered, but he kept the spewing organ lodged deep in his throat. He took every gob, every spurt, every dribble, every drop. And when the shaft began to shrivel, he sucked with all his might, as if by doing so he might be able to extract just one more oily drop from Gennario's exhausted fountain.

Gennario. He'd actually forgotten about Gennario. He'd forgotten about himself. For the duration of the orgasm, Sam's universe had comprised only flesh and blood and cum. Mind had dissolved into matter. Sensation had obliterated sense.

And the emptiness had been filled.

Sam pulled off of Gennario's crotch and sat up in bed. He swallowed hard and licked his lips. He looked over at Gennario, who was snoring again and sleeping the sleep of the innocent. Or was he? Sam didn't care. Sam was filled. And tired.

He lay back down and immediately began to drift off to sleep. His last, only half-conscious act was to rest his hand on his own crotch, which was sweaty and slimy from the ejaculation that had occurred simultaneously with Gennario's.

When Sam woke up the next morning, he was not surprised at first to find himself alone in bed. He didn't remember anything about the night before except, vaguely, this wonderful dream about a cock the size of a tree trunk that he'd somehow managed to get down his throat and . . .

Yawning and stretching, he discovered he was stuck to the sheet. He looked down and saw the dark stain on the satin above his crotch. He remembered. He looked to his side. Gennario was no longer in the bed with him. He unstuck himself, climbed out of bed, and went to look in the bathroom. He went out into the hall, to the living room, the dining loft, the kitchen, the roof garden. No Gennario. No note. No nothing. Empty.

He hated the feeling, despised and resented it. It was bad enough when it just crept into him, but the idea that it could be inflicted on him—and by a worthless bum who had walked into and out of his life without so much as a thank-you—was intolerable. Sam stomped back into his bedroom, ripped the soiled sheets off the bed, and stuffed them into the hamper. The damn thing was full to overflowing. His fucking cleaning woman was behind with the laundry. And the carpet needed vacuuming. He'd give her a piece of his mind when she showed up—late as usual, he had no doubt.

He went into the kitchen and started making himself a huge breakfast. He didn't feel empty anymore—he was full of anger—but he was famished.

At 1:00 A.M. when Sam walked out of the restaurant kitchen into the dining room to collect his paycheck from the owner, Gennario was waiting for him. Dressed in a clean pair of jeans and a fresh T-shirt, the Italian looked renewed and revitalized and sexier than ever.

"Thanks for last night," he said with an ambiguous wink that Sam's envious boss did not read as ambiguous.

"No problem," said Sam, smiling because he'd noticed his boss's envy. "How'd you know where I worked?"

"Matches."

"Huh?"

Gennario held out the book of matches from the restaurant that Sam had used to light the gas logs the night before. "Found these by the fireplace. Couldn't find a pen or pencil, though. Not out in the open anyway. And I didn't wanta go rummaging through your drawers. So I couldn't leave a thank-you note. Figured I'd thank you in person."

Sam took his check, said good-night to his boss, slung his leftover-laden knapsack over his back, and followed Gennario out the door. "Still need a place to say?" he asked when they were outside.

"I'd be most obliged."

"Hungry?"

"Starved."

Sam reached back and patted his knapsack. "We aim to please."

Minus the house tour, Sam went though the same routine when they got to his apartment—fireplace, sliding doors, food and wine.

"Where's your lover *tonight*?"

"You mean Paul?" Sam replied nonchalantly, gesturing toward the spread of fancy cold cuts and breads on the coffee table.

"Is he your lover?"

"He's my *boyfriend*," Sam corrected, with a completely different kind of emphasis than he had given the word the night before.

Gennario shrugged and pounced on the food.

"Sometimes we go a couple of nights without seeing each other," Sam went on. Then after a pause he added, "We're not . . .exclusive."

Sam couldn't tell whether or not his rather pointed statement had meant anything to Gennario, who seemed to be completely absorbed in stuffing himself. Sam took a sip from his wine glass, refilled his guest's, and sank back into the sofa. He stared at the ceiling for a moment, then glanced over at Gennario. For the time being at least the man was all hunger. Hunger and food. Just as last night Sam had been all flesh and blood and cum. For a time. Sam smiled to himself. He really *did* have everything—a flawless, Nautilus-groomed body, a successful career, a terrific apartment, money in the bank, and now the perfect sexual pet. Feed him, clean him up, put him to bed, put him to sleep, then do what you will. Of course it had only worked once so far. But somehow Sam just knew it was going to work the same way tonight. And for as many nights as he wanted.

Thank God for hungry men.

It did work the same way, that night and for many nights thereafter. The preliminaries got to be very routine—Gennario meeting him at the restaurant, coming home with him, gorging, showering, climbing into bed, and conveniently drifting off to sleep. But what happened *after* Gennario started snoring each night was anything but routine. Everything Sam could think of to do with the hard flesh and hot blood who shared his bed, he did. Every wild fantasy he had ever imagined and some new ones he came up with on the spot, he indulged. It was soon obvious that Gennario *had* to be fully awake during these shenanigans, many of which included his active participation—as in active/passive French and Greek—but it was just as obvious that he was determined never to drop the ruse.

No matter. For Sam, the arrangement was ideal. With Paul, he had been free to do as he wished whenever they were apart. With Gennario he was free to do as he wished while they were together—and he didn't have to follow through emotionally when the sun came up. He didn't even have to *see* Gennario when the sun came up. Not once did Sam awaken and find Gennario still in bed or even in the apartment. And even on Sam's days off, Gennario never showed up at the apartment before midnight.

Not bad. Not bad at all. Perfect, actually. And all it was costing was one hearty meal a day—compliments of restaurant leftovers.

Well, there were a few *minor* additional costs—like Sam's relationship with Paul, for instance, and a couple of superficial friendships. But Sam was no longer interested. He was obsessed with his silent, infinitely cooperative, totally undemanding lover.

Summer was ending. The days were still warm, but the stifling humidity was gone, and the nights were beginning to get chilly. Sam hadn't thought anything about it until now, but as far as he knew Gennario still hadn't found work. And Sam had never seen him in anything but a T-shirt and jeans. Come to think of it, apart from sleeping in Sam's bed every night, Gennario was still living out of the lockers in the bus station. Now that Sam *had* come to think of it, it occurred to him that that was sort of odd. Why had Gennario never asked if he could move his clothes into the apartment?

Continued to page 88

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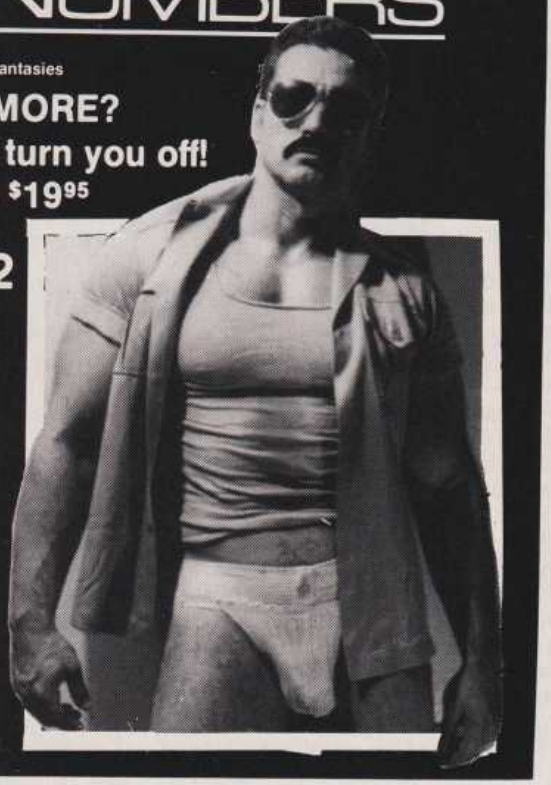

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Gennario kept up his snoring. All the while, his cock kept growing. When Sam wrapped his hand around it, he could no longer bring the tips of his fingers together; Gennario was hard as a rock, and the rock was the size and shape of a billy club.

Continued from page 85

But that was beside the point. The point was, Sam had decided he was going to give Gennario something, *really* give him something, besides the nightly meal. He was going to buy Gennario a coat, an expensive winter coat. He had a couple of hours before he was due at work, and he spent the entire time finding just the right garment—a scandalously costly, subtly chic, thoroughly macho sheepskin jacket.

That night after work he couldn't wait to bestow his gift, but he decided he *would* wait until they were on their way home. There was a cold wind, but Sam walked especially slowly, hoping that Gennario would start shivering, which would give moment to the presentation of the coat. But Gennario wasn't shivering and Sam was getting tired of carrying the box, which Gennario—not a nosy bone in his body—hadn't even asked about.

"This is for you," said Sam, interrupting their customary silence and handing Gennario the box.

Sam turned his gaze forward again and kept walking. He said nothing more. It had occurred to him that perhaps nonchalance would provide the most effective enhancement for his generosity.

But when Gennario stopped to open the box, Sam halted too and turned back to behold the fruits of his beneficence.

"Wow!"

It was the first exclamation Sam had heard from Gennario since the reticent Italian first walked into the Union Park duplex. He had the coat on in a flash. Then oddly, Sam thought, after walking halfway home in nothing but jeans and a T-shirt, the moment Gennario was snugly buttoned into the coat, he shivered.

"Brrrr," he rumbled. "Guess I didn't realize how cold it was getting until I got some protection. Thanks. I'm kind of a cheapskate. I always put off buying things until I absolutely gotta have 'em. And anyway, I've been so busy lately. Thanks, man. Thanks a lot."

Busy? What had Gennario been busy with? But then again, what did Sam care? Gennario had made the proper show of gratitude. Sam felt good about what he had done. Sam felt good about himself. He had never before inquired how Gennario spent his days. He had never thought about it, had never cared. Still didn't. And yet . . .

"You've been busy?" he heard himself ask.

"Yeah."

It appeared that Gennario wasn't going to elaborate without prompting.

"What have you been up to?"

"Working my ass off."

"You got a job?"

"Yeah."

"When?"

"The day after I met you—you brought me luck."

"And you never told me?"

Gennario looked puzzled. "You never asked." His words might have sounded spiteful, but they didn't. They had been uttered simply, innocently.

"I don't understand."

"I didn't think you wanted to know what I did in the daytime. I thought you liked not knowing things about me. I got that feeling . . . from the beginning. It's all right, isn't it?"

"Sure. Sure. It's fine."

"I always pride myself on being able to psych out a guy's scene—you know what I mean? I kinda get off on doing that, on giving a guy what he wants without him having to ask for it. It seemed to work for you. It did, didn't it?"

"Do you need to ask?"

Sam was having to work pretty hard to appear unaffected by the rather sudden and most peculiar revelations he was being hit with. But he felt he was managing quite well. And somehow he managed not to look surprised or puzzled or even curious when Gennario took off the coat, folded it neatly, returned it to the box, and handed it back to Sam.

"I don't think I can take this. You've been so generous all summer letting me stay at your place. I saved a lot of money by not having to get a room or buy food or anything. And my end of the bargain was as much of a pleasure for me as it seemed to be for you. I can promise you that."

"Thanks." Sam waited a moment, then allowed himself to ask, "Was?"

"Huh?"

"*Was* as much of a pleasure?"

"Oh. I only spend *summers* up north. Lots of carpentry and electrical work on new construction since nothing gets done in the winter. And the pay is super up here. But I quit my jobs today. Heading for Florida tomorrow. I wasn't gonna say goodbye—but only because I thought that was what you'd want. I was gonna leave a note, though. A thank-you note."

Sam was positively glowing now with forced nonchalance. Actually he no longer had to force it. A familiar, but always unwelcome, feeling was overtaking him. And on the surface it looked something like genuine disinterest.

"You know, Gennario," he said, smiling cordially, "if you don't mind, I'd like to spend tonight alone. To tell you the truth, I had planned to speak to you this very evening about . . . well, no hard feelings, but for quite some time now I've been sort of wanting my privacy back. I've always been used to that. But you needed some help, and of course you were more than willing to pay for it, in your own charming way. And it was terrific for me for quite a while. But now that I know you're on your way, I'd like to have my privacy back. Tonight. You understand."

"Sure. Actually there's a night bus I can take for Orlando. Leaves in about half an hour. Perfect."

"Perfect."

"Good."

"Good."

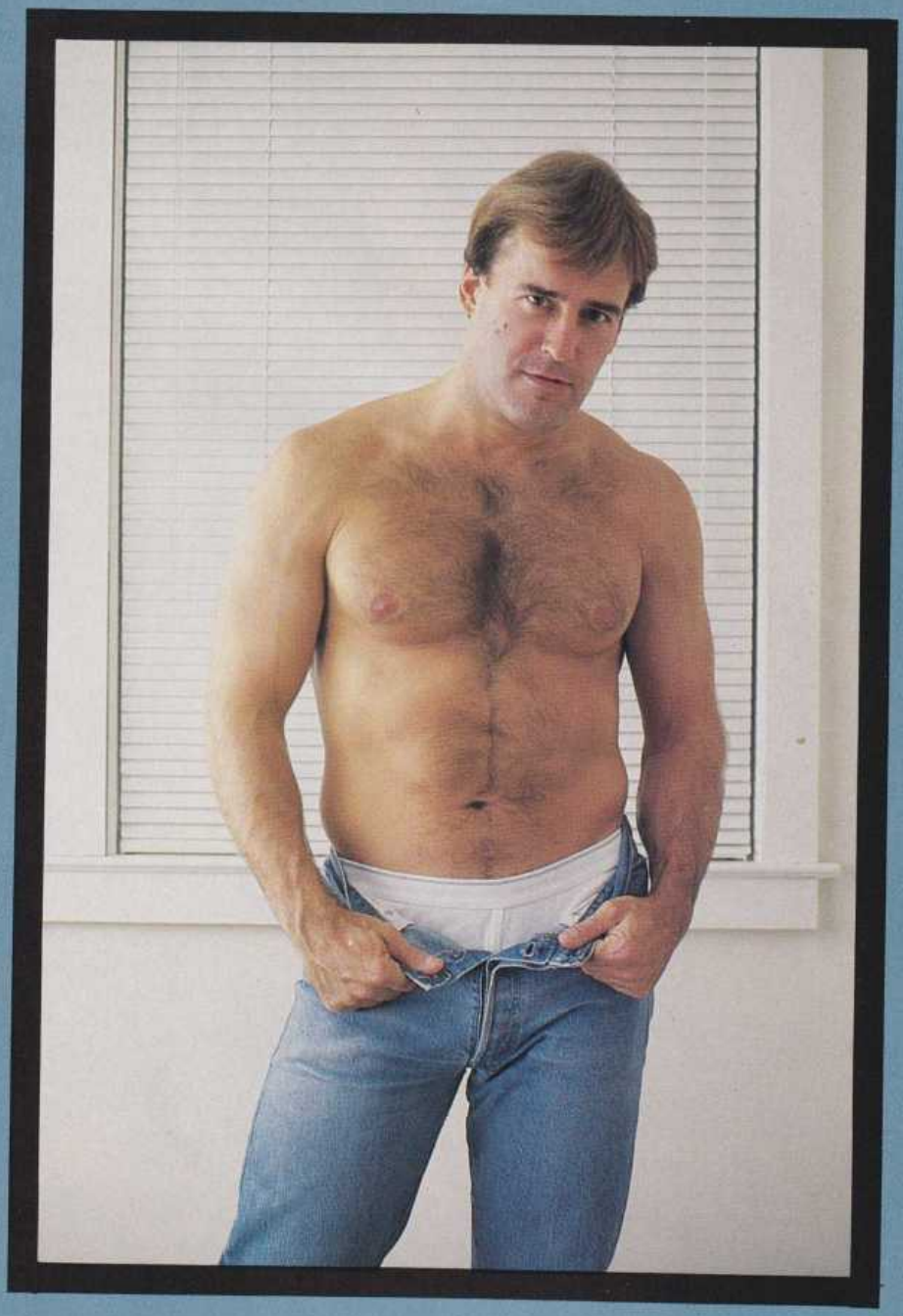
"'Night, Sam."

"Good-night, Gennario. Good luck."

"Thanks." And he was gone.

Sam *was* glad to be rid of him. It really *had* begun to get tedious. Sam really *did* manage to convince himself of that. But he couldn't convince himself that privacy was what he wanted. Not now. Not while that old, familiar empty feeling was gnawing at him so viciously. He wanted company. Lots of company. New company. Different company. There was plenty to be had if you knew where to look. And Sam knew.

It was past last call at the bars. But the Fenway would be crawling with warm bodies. Undemanding, anonymous bodies . . . flesh and blood and cum. ■



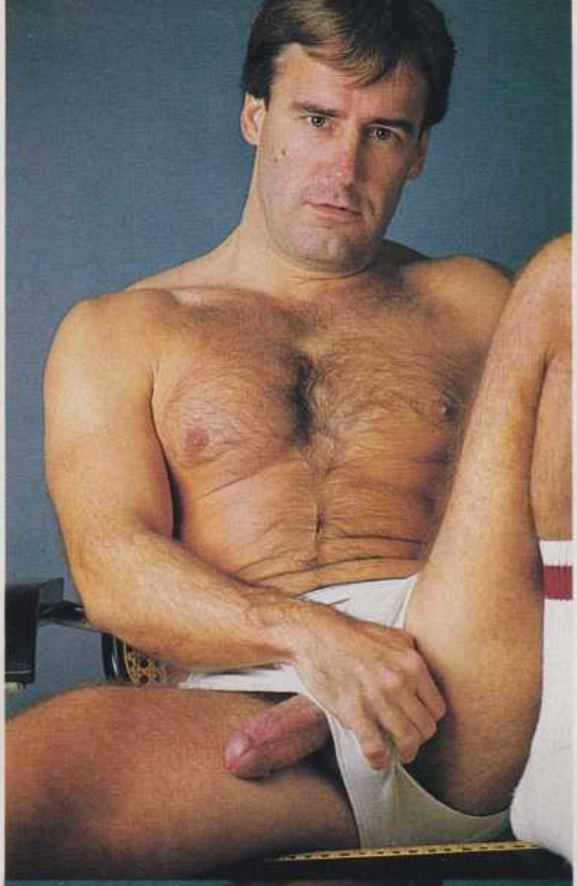
MAN OF THE HOUSE

He finished with the house. Anything else he can do for you?

Photos by Barry

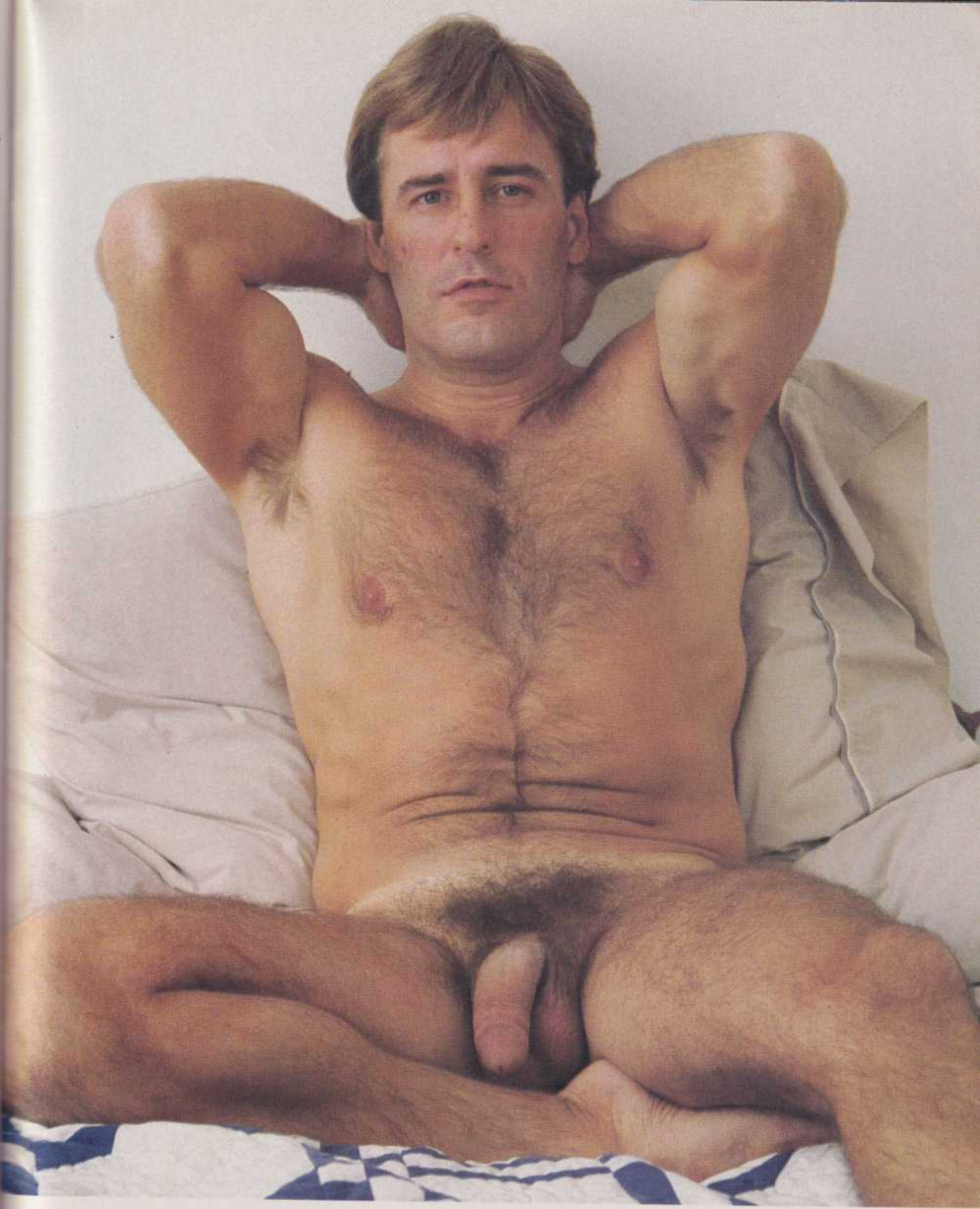
MAN OF THE HOUSE

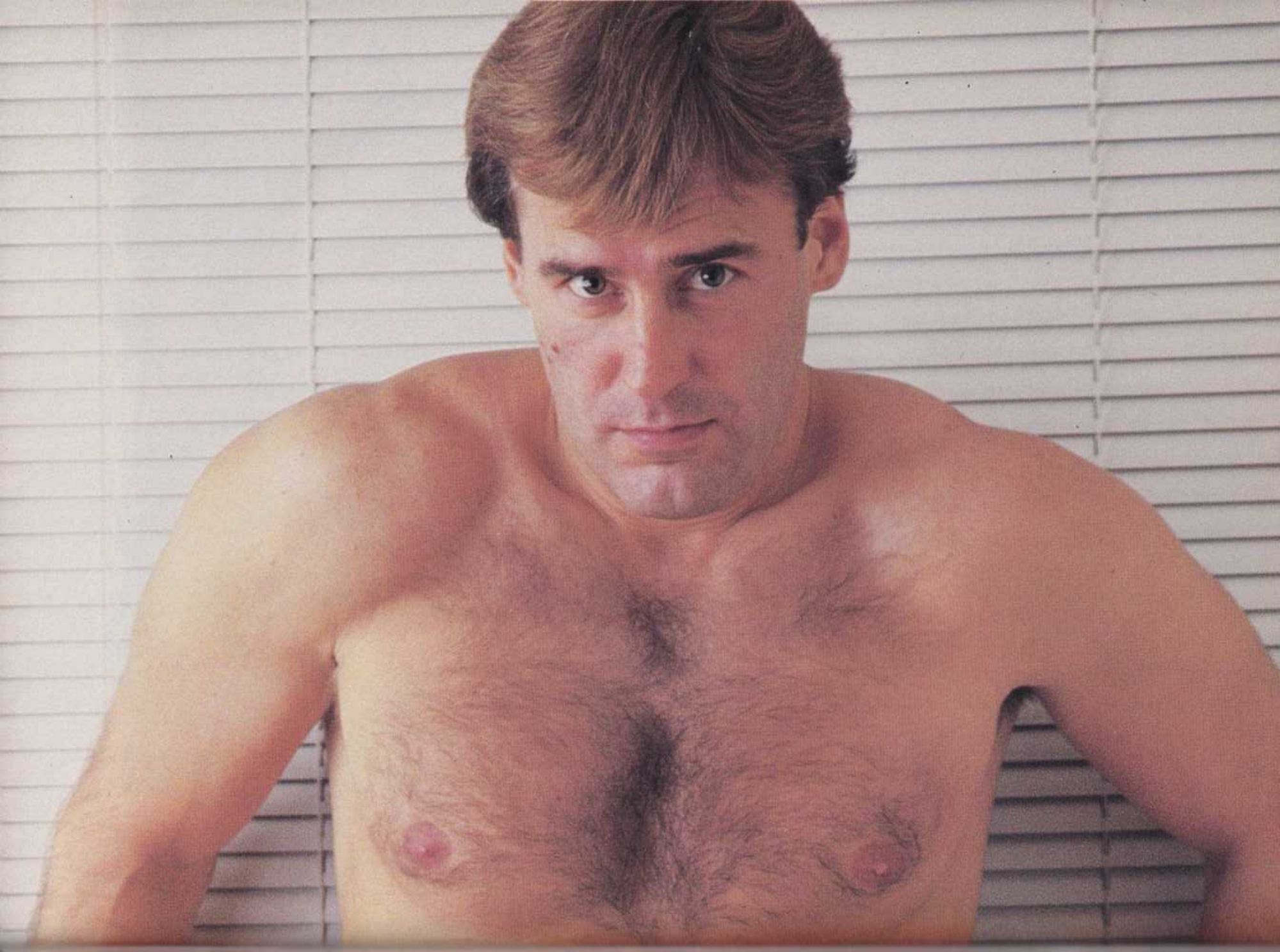
The work is done. Now settle in and clean up.



MAN OF THE HOUSE

Look him over. Don't miss a spot.





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